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THE
WORKS
OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St. *Patrick's, Dublin.*



VOL. VII.

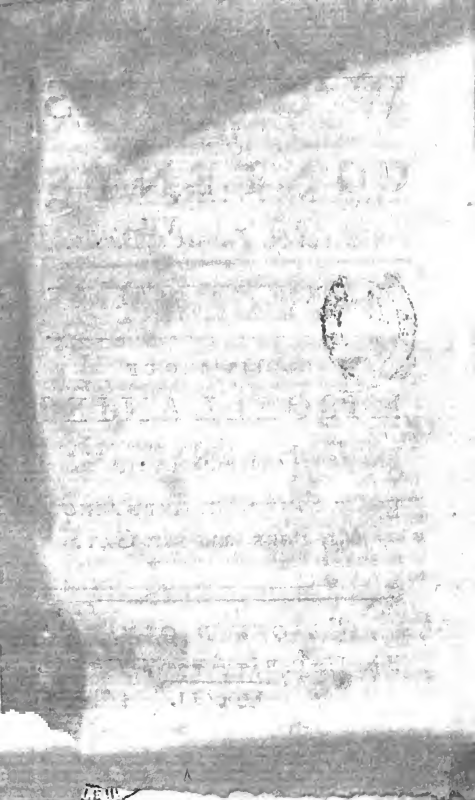
CONSISTING OF
MISCELLANIES
In VERSE.

By Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOT,
Mr. POPE, and Mr. GAY.

L O N D O N.

Printed for C. BATHURST, in *Fleet-Street.*

MDCCLI.



THE CONTENTS

To VOL. VII.

N. B. Whatever are not marked with a Star, are Dr. SWIFT's.

C ADENUS and VANESSA.	page 3
Baucis and Philemon.	31
<i>A Description of a City Shower. In Imitation of Virgil's Georg.</i>	37
<i>A Description of the Morning.</i>	40
<i>The seventh Épistle of Horace imitated, and addressed to the Earl of Oxford, in the Year 1718.</i>	41
<i>Part of the sixth Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated.</i>	48
* <i>The Happy Life of a Country Parson. In Imitation of Martial.</i>	53
* <i>A Tale of Chaucer, lately found in an old Manuscript.</i>	54
* <i>The Alley. An Imitation of Spencer.</i>	56
* <i>The Capon's Tale : To a Lady who fathered her Lampoons upon her Acquaintance.</i>	59
<i>Verses wrote on a Lady's Ivory Table-Book.</i>	60
A 2	Frances

CONTENTS.

<i>Frances Harris's Petition to their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland.</i>	61.
<i>A Ballad to the Tune of the Cutpurse.</i>	67
<i>V----'s House. Built from the Ruins of Whitehall.</i>	69.
<i>The History of V----'s House.</i>	73
<i>The Virtues of Sid Hamet, the Magician's Rod.</i>	75
<i>Atlas, or the Minister of State; to the Lord Treasurer of Oxford.</i>	78
<i>The Description of a Salamander. Out of Pliny's Nat. Hist. Lib. 10. c. 67. and Lib. 29. cap. 4.</i>	79
<i>* The Elephant: Or, the Parliament-Man; written many Years since. Taken from Coke's Institutes.</i>	81
<i>An Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker.</i>	83
<i>The Epitaph.</i>	86.
<i>* Verses to be prefixed before Bernard Lintot's new Miscellany.</i>	87
<i>* To Mr. John Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.</i>	88
<i>* Verses occasioned by an &c. at the End of Mr. D'Urfy's Name in the Title to one of his Plays.</i>	90
<i>* Prologue, designed for Mr. D'Urfy's last Play.</i>	93
<i>* Prologue to the three Hours after Marriage.</i>	94
<i>* Sandy's Ghost: Or a proper new Ballad on the new Ovid's Metamorphosis; As it was intended</i>	

C O N T E N T S.

<i>intended to be translated by Persons of Quality.</i>	96
* Umbra.	99
<i>Duke upon Duke. An excellent new Ballad.</i>	
<i>To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.</i>	100
* <i>Fragment of a Satire.</i>	106
* Macer.	309
* Sylvia, a Fragment.	110
* Artimesia.	111
* Phryne.	112
<i>On Mrs. Bidley Floyd.</i>	113
<i>Apollo outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, under her Name of Ardelia.</i>	114
* <i>Impromptu, To Lady Winchelsea. Occasioned by four Satyrical Verses on Women-Wits, in the Rape of the Lock.</i>	116
* <i>Epigram.</i>	117
<i>Stella's Birth-Day. 1718.</i>	ibid.
<i>Stella's Birth-Day. 1720.</i>	118
<i>Stella's Birth-Day. A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up, 1721.</i>	120
<i>Stella's Birth-Day. 1724.</i>	123
<i>Stella's Birth-Day, March 13, 1726.</i>	125
* <i>To Mrs. M. B. sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.</i>	128
* <i>Song. By a Person of Quality.</i>	129
* <i>Ballad.</i>	130
* <i>Ode for Musick. On the Longitude.</i>	132
* <i>Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini.</i>	133
* <i>On Mrs. T-----s.</i>	ibid.

CONTENTS.

* <i>Two or Three ; or a Receipt to make a Cuckold.</i>	134
* <i>On a Lady who p-ft at the Tragedy of Cato ; occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.</i>	134
* <i>Epigram, in a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book.</i>	135
<i>Epigram.</i>	136
* <i>The Balance of Europe.</i>	ibid.
* <i>A panegyricai Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, &c. on the South-Sea Subscriptions.</i>	137
<i>The South-Sea, 1721.</i>	140
* <i>A Ballad on Quadrille.</i>	147
* <i>Molly Mogg.</i>	150
* <i>A new Song of new Similies.</i>	152
* <i>Newgate's Garland. A Ballad, &c.</i>	155
<i>Prometheus. On Wood the Patentee's Irish Half-Pence.</i>	159
* <i>Strephon and Flavia.</i>	162
<i>Corinna.</i>	ibid.
* <i>The Quidnuncki's. A Tale occasioned by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.</i>	164
* <i>'Ay and No : A Fable.</i>	166
<i>Phyllis : Or, the Progress of Love.</i>	167
<i>The Progress of Poetry.</i>	170
<i>The Progress of Beauty.</i>	172
<i>Pethox the Great.</i>	176
* <i>A Gentle Echo on Woman.</i>	180
<i>Epilogue to a Play, for the Benefit of the Weavers in Ireland.</i>	182
<i>Epitaph on a Miser.</i>	184

CONTENTS.

<i>To Stella, who collected and transcribed his Poems.</i>	184
<i>The Journal of a Modern Lady.</i>	189
<i>The Country Life.</i>	199
<i>A Pastoral Dialogue.</i>	203
<i>Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.</i>	206
<i>A Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy.</i>	209
* <i>Epitaph on Fra---s Ch---s.</i>	213
* * <i>on Picus Mirandula, apply'd to Fr. C---s.</i>	219
* <i>Epigram.</i>	220
* <i>Another.</i>	ibid.
* <i>Epitaph [of By-Words.]</i>	ibid.
<i>Epigram, on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the Time of Divine Service, to wait on his Grace the D. of D---</i>	221
* <i>Epigram from the French.</i>	222
* <i>Epitaph.</i>	ibid.
* <i>Epigram on the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club, Anno 1716.</i>	ibid.
* <i>To a Lady with the Temple of Fame.</i>	223
* <i>Verses to be placed under the Picture of England's Arch-Poet: Containing a Compleat Catalogue of his Works.</i>	ibid.
<i>Dr. Sw--- to Mr. P---e, while he was writing the Dunciad.</i>	225
<i>Bounce to Fop. An Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court.</i>	227
* <i>On the Countess of B--- cutting Paper.</i>	230

CONTENTS.

* On a certain Lady at Court.	231
To Doctor D---l---y on the Libels writ against him.	ibid.
On Dreams. In Imitation of Petronius.	237
To Stella, visiting me in my Sicknefs,	1727.
	239
Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift.	243

CADENUS

C A D E N U S

A N D

V A N E S S A.

Written Anno 1713.

THE *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian Queen*.
The Council for the Fair began,
Accusing the false Creature *Man*.

The Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
On which the Pleader much enlarg'd;
That *Cupid* now has lost his Art,
Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart;
His Altar now no longer smokes;
His Mother's aid no Youth invokes:
This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their Pow'rs divine;
Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
And Marriage grown a Money-League.
Which Crimes aforesaid (with her Leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)

B

Against

4 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

Against our Sov'reign Lady's Peace;
 Against the Statutes in that Case,
 Against her Dignity and Crown:
 'Then pray'd an Answer, and sat down:
 The *Nymphs* with Scorn beheld their Foes:
 When the Defendant's Council rose,
 And, what no Lawyer ever lack'd,
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact.
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,
 Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex.
 'That modern Love is no such thing,
 As what those ancient Poets sing;
 A Fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the Mind,
 Which, having found an equal Flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In different Breasts together burn,
 Together both to Ashes turn.
 But Women now feel no such Fire,
 And only know the gross Desire;
 Their Passions move in lower Spheres,
 Where-e'er Caprice or Folly steers,
 A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
 Or some worse Brute in human shape,
 Engross the Fancies of the Fair,
 'The few soft Moments they can spare
 From Visits to receive and pay,
 From Scandal, Politicks, and Play,
 From Fans, and Flounces, and Brocades,
 From Equipage and Park-Parades,
 From all the thousand Female Toys,
 From ev'ry Trifle, that employs

The

The out or inside of their Heads,
Between their Toylets and their Beds.

In a dull Stream, which moving slow
You hardly see the Current flow,
If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,
It whirls about for want of Force,
And in its narrow Circle gathers
Nothing but Chaff, and Straws, and Feathers;
The Current of a Female Mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws,
Hence we conclude, no Womens Hearts
Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts;
Nor are the Men of Sense to blame
For Breasts incapable of Flame:
The Fault must on the *Nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their Taste,

The Pleader, having spoke his best,
Had Witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on Oath depose,
When Questions on the Fact arose,
That ev'ry Article was true;
Nor further those Deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The Bill might be with Costs dismiss.

The Cause appear'd of so much Weight,
That *Venus* from the Judgment-Seat
Desir'd them not to talk so loud;
Else she must interpose a Cloud:
For if the Heav'nly Folk should know
These Pleadings in the Courts below,

6. CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

That Mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her Face above.
 For Gods, their Betters, are too wise
 To value that, which Men despise.
 And then, said she, my Son and I
 Must strole in Air 'twixt Earth and Sky ;
 Or else, shut out from Heav'n and Earth,
 Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth ;
 There live with daggl'd *Mermaids* pent,
 And keep on Fish perpetual *Lent*.

But since the Case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take Advice.
 The *Muses*, by their King's Permission,
 Tho' Foes to Love, attend the Session,
 And on the Right Hand took their Places
 In Order ; on the Left, the *Graces* ;
 To whom she might her Doubts propose
 On all Emergencies that rose.

The *Muses* oft were seen to frown ;
 The *Graces* half asham'd look down ;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either Sex among the Crew,
 Whom she or her Assessors knew.

The Goddess soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a Decree ;
 And said she must consult her Books,
 The Lover's *Fleta's*, *Bracton's*, *Cokes*.
 First to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd,
 To turn to *Ovid*, Book the second ;
 She then referr'd them to a place
 In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's Case* ;)

As

As for *Tibullus's* Reports,
 They never pass'd for Law in Courts;
 For *Cowley's* Briefs, and Pleas of *Waller*,
 Still their Authority is smaller.

There was on both Sides much to say;
 She'd hear the Cause another Day;
 And so she did; and then a Third;
 She heard it ---- there she kept her Word;
 But with Rejoinders and Replies,
 Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies,
 Demur, Impar lance, and Essoign,
 The Parties ne'er could Issue join:
 For Sixteen Years the Cause was spun;
 And then stood, where it first begun.

Now, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
 What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
 The Goddess, much perplex'd in Mind
 To see her Empire thus declin'd,
 When first this grand Debate arose
 Above her Wisdom to compose,
 Conceiv'd a Project in her Head
 To work her Ends; which, if it sped,
 Wou'd shew the Merits of the Cause
 Far better, than consulting Laws.

In a glad Hour *Lucina's* Aid
 Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,
 On whom the Queen of Love was bent
 To try a new Experiment.
 She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,
 And thus debated with herself.

Since Men alledge, they ne'er can find
 Those Beauties in a Female Mind,

8 CADENUS and VANESSA.

Which raise a Flame that will endure
 For ever, uncorrupt and pure ;
 If 'tis with Reason they complain,
 This Instant shall restore my Reign.
 I'll search, where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
 From Courts inclusive down to Cells ;
 What Preachers talk, or Sages write,
 These I will gather and unite,
 And represent them to Mankind
 Collected in that Infant's Mind.

This said, she plucks in Heav'n's high Bow'rs
 A Sprig of *Amaranthine* Flow'rs,
 In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,
 Three Times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays :
 Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born Maid ;
 From whence the tender Skin assumes
 A Sweetness above all Perfumes ;
 From whence a Cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward Stains ;
 From whence that Decency of Mind,
 So lovely in a Female Kind,
 Where not one careless Thought intrudes,
 Less modest than the Speech of Prudes ;
 Where never Blush was call'd in Aid,
 The spurious Virtue in a Maid,
 A Virtue but at second-hand ;
 They blush, because they understand.

The *Graces* next would act their Part,
 And shew but little of their Art ;
 Their Work was half already done,
 The Child with native Beauty shone,

The

The outward Form no Help requir'd :
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging Air,
 Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair ;
 And said, "*Vanessa* be the Name,
 " By which thou shalt be known to Fame,
 " *Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd :
 " Her Name on Earth --- shall not be told."

But still the Work was not compleat,
 When *Venus* thought on a Deceit :
 Drawn by her Doves, away she flies,
 And finds out *Pallas* in the Skies :
 Dear *Pallas*, I have been this morn
 To see a lovely Infant born :
 A Boy in yonder Isle below,
 So like my own without his Bow,
 By Beauty could your Heart be won,
 You'd swear, it is *Apollo's* Son :
 But it shall ne'er be said, a Child
 So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;
 I have enough besides to spare,
 And give him wholly to your Care.
 Wisdom's above suspecting Wiles :
 The Queen of Learning gravely smiles ;
 Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
 Mistakes *Vanessa* for a Boy ;
 Then sows within her tender Mind
 Seeds long unknown to Womankind,
 For manly Bosoms chiefly fit ;
 The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit :
 Her Soul was suddenly endu'd
 With Justice, Truth and Fortitude ;

With

10 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

With Honour, which no Breath can stain,
 Which Malice must attack in vain ;
 With open Heart, and bounteous Hand.
 But *Pallas* here was at a Stand ;
 She knew, in our degen'rate Days
 Bare Virtue could not live on Praise ;
 That Meat must be with Money bought :
 She therefore, upon second Thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by Stealth,
 Some small Regard for State and Wealth ;
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A Tincture in the prudent Maid :
 She manag'd her Estate with Care,
 Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair.
 But lest he should neglect his Studies,
 Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddess
 (For fear young Master should be spoil'd,)
 Wou'd use him like a younger Child ;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twou'd come to just Five Thousand Pound.

The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd ;
 She doubted not, but such a Dame
 Thro' ev'ry Breast would dart a Flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
 With Pride wou'd drag about her Chain ;
 That Scholars wou'd forsake their Books
 To study bright *Vanessa's* Looks :
 As she advanc'd, that Womankind
 Wou'd by her Model form their Mind,
 And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd
 By her, as an unerring Guide ;

Offend-

Offending Daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's Praise rung in their Ear :
 Miss *Betty*, when she does a Fault,
 Lets fall her Knife, or spills the Salt,
 Will thus be by her Mother chid,
 " 'Tis what *Vanessa* never did."
 Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
 My Pow'r shall be again restor'd,
 And happy Lovers bless my Reign ---
 So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in Time the *Martial Maid*
 Found out the Trick, that *Venus* play'd,
 She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,
 And fir'd with Indignation vows,
 To-morrow, e'er the Setting-Sun,
 She'd all undo, that she had done.

But in the Poets we may find,
 A wholesome Law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by Fate's Decree ;
 That Gods of whatsoe'er Degree
 Resume not, what themselves have giv'n,
 Or any Brother-God in Heav'n ;
 Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
 Or they must always be at Odds.
 And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
 Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause ;
 A Shame to one so much ador'd
 For Wisdom at *Jove's* Council-Board.
 Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
 Would meet with better Friends above.
 And tho' she must with Grief reflect,
 To see a mortal Virgin deck'd

With

12: CADENUS and VANESSA.

With Graces, hitherto unknown
 To Female Breasts, except her own;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A Goddess of unspotted Fame;
 She knew by Augury Divine,
Venus wou'd fail in her Design:
 She study'd well the Point, and found
 Her Foes Conclusions were not sound,
 From Premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the Deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary Effects
 To what her treach'rous Foe expects.

In proper Season *Pallas* meets
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
 (For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
 Can in Celestial Language scold)
 Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this Project in your Brain,
 A Project for thy Talents fit,
 With much Deceit, and little Wit;
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me;
 For how can Heav'nly Wisdom prove
 An Instrument to Earthly Love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that Men commence
 Thy Votaries for Want of Sense?
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme
 To manage thy abortive Scheme;
 She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes,
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither Skill, nor Force,
 Leave all Things to their nat'ral-Course.

The

The Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom.
 When, lo! *Vanessa* in her Bloom,
 Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far:
 In a new World with Caution stept,
 Watch'd all the Company she kept,
 Well knowing from the Books she read
 What dang'rous Paths young Virgins tread;
 Wou'd seldom at the Park appear,
 Nor saw the Play-house twice a Year;
 Yet not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the Converse of Mankind.

First issued from Perfumers Shops
 A Croud of fashionable Fops;
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the Play?
 Then told the Tattle of the Day;
 A Duel fought last Night at Two,
 About a Lady --- You know who;
 Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
 Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome*;
 Gave Hints of who and who's together;
 Then fell to talking of the Weather;
 Last Night was so extremely fine,
 The Ladies walk'd till after Nine,
 Then in soft Voice, and Speech absurd,
 With Nonsense ev'ry second Word,
 With Fustian from exploded Plays,
 They celebrate her Beauty's Praise,
 Run o'er their Cant of stupid Lyes,
 And tell the Murders of her Eyes.

With silent Scorn *Vanessa* sat,
 Scarce list'ning to their idle Chat;

Further

Further than sometimes by a Frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their Wisdom's full Extent;
 And said, she valu'd nothing less
 Than Titles, Figure, Shape, and Dress;
 That Merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit, and Taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute:
 That, present Times have no Pretence
 To Virtue, in the Noble Sense,
 By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,
 To perish for our Country's Good.
 She nam'd the ancient Heroes round,
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
 Then spoke with Censure, or Applause,
 Of foreign Customs, Rites, and Laws;
 Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her Subject chang'd:
 In vain; her Hearers had no Share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their Judgment was upon the Whole,
 --- That Lady is the dullest Soul ---
 Then tipt their Forehead in a Jeer,
 As who should say --- she wants it here;
 She may be handsome, young and rich,
 But none will burn her for a Witch.

A Party next of glitt'ring Dames,
 From round the Purlieus of *St. James*,
 Came early, out of pure Good-will,
 To see the Girl in Deshabille.

Their

Their Clamour 'lighting from their Chairs
 Grew louder, all the Way up Stairs ;
 At Entrance loudest, where they found
 The Room with Volumes litter'd round ;
Vanessa held *Montaigne*, and read,
 Whilst Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head :
 They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
 And fell into their usual Chat,
 Discourfing with important Face
 On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace :
 Shew'd Patterns juft from *India* brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what ſhe thought,
 Whether the Red or Green were beſt,
 And what they coſt ? *Vanessa* gueſs'd,
 As came into her Fancy firſt ;
 Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worſt.
 To Scandal next----What aukward Thing
 Was that, laſt *Sunday*, in the Ring ?
 I'm ſorry *Mopſa* breaks ſo faſt ;
 I ſaid her Face wou'd never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful Air,
 Is Thirty, and a Bit to ſpare.
 Her Fondneſs for a certain Earl
 Began, when I was but a Girl.
Phillis, who but a Month ago
 Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* Beau,
 I ſaw coquetting t'other Night
 In publick with that odious Knight.
 They rally'd next *Vanessa*'s Dreſs ;
 That Gown was made for old Queen *Beſs* :
 Dear Madam, Let me ſet your Head ;
 Don't you intend to put on Red ?

C

A Petti-

16 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

A Petticoat without a Hoop !
 Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop ;
 With handsome Garters at your Knees,
 No matter what a Fellow sees.

Fill'd with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and Sex asham'd,
 The Nymph stood silent out of Spight,
 Nor wou'd vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair Detractors went,
 And gave by Turns their Censures Vent.
 She's not so handsome, in my Eyes :
 For Wit, I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the most ;
 But why proclaim her for a Toast ?

A Baby Face, no Life, no Airs,
 But what she learnt at Country Fairs :
 Scarce knows what Diff'rence is between
 Rich *Flanders* Lace, and *Colberteen*.

I'll undertake, my little *Nancy*
 In Flounces has a better Fancy.

With all her Wit, I wou'd not ask
 Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.
 We begg'd her but to patch her Face,
 She never hit one proper Place ;
 Which ev'ry Girl at five Years old
 Can do, as soon as she is told.

I own, that out-of-fashion Stuff
 Becomes the *Creature* well enough ;
 The Girl might pass, if we cou'd get her
 To know the World a little better.

(*To know the World !* a modern Phrase,
 For Visits, Ombre, Balls and Plays.)

Thus,

Thus, to the World's perpetual Shame,
 The *Queen of Beauty* lost her Aim.
 Too late with Grief she understood,
Pallas had done more Harm than Good ;
 For great Examples are but vain,
 Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
 Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spite,
 Against *Vanessa's* Pow'r unite ;
 To copy her few Nymphs aspir'd ;
 Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd :
 So Stars, beyond a certain Height,
 Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

Yet some of either Sex, endow'd
 With Gifts superior to the Crowd,
 With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste and Wit,
 She condescended to admit.
 With pleasing Arts she cou'd reduce
 Men's Talents to their proper Use ;
 And with Address each Genius held
 To that, wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus making others Wisdom known,
 Cou'd please them, and improve her own.
 A modest Youth said something new,
 She plac'd it in the strongest View.
 All humble Worth she strove to raise ;
 Wou'd not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The Learned met with free Approach,
 Although they came not in a Coach.
 Some Clergy too she wou'd allow,
 Nor quarrel'd at their awkward Bow :
 But this was for *Cadenus's* Sake,
 A Gownman of a different Make ;

18 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa's* Tutor,
Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

But *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.
On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain ;
One Way he knows to give her Pain ;
Vows, on *Vanessa's* Heart to take
Due Vengeance, for her Patron's Sake.
Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown ;
And *Cupid* hop'd they wou'd improve
By Time, and ripen into Love,
The Boy made use of all his Craft,
In vain discharging many a Shaft,
Pointed at Col'nels, Lords, and Beaux ;
Cadenus warded off the Blows ;
For placing still some Book betwixt,
The Darts were in the Cover fix'd,
Or often blunted and recoil'd,
On *Plutarch's* Morals struck, were spoil'd.

The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates Decree :
And human Caution tries in vain
To break that Adamantine Chain.
Vanessa, though by *Pallas* taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,
Was, in the very Search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his Darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost ;
He could not answer to his Fame
The Triumphs of that stubborn Dame ;

A Nymph

A Nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was Coquette nor Prude.
I find, says he, she wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her :
I'll give her, what she most admires,
Among those venerable Sires.

Cadenus is a Subject fit,
Grown old in Politicks and Wit ;
Carefs'd by Ministers of State ;
Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate.
Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
She need no Rivals apprehend.
Her Sex, with universal Voice,
Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

Cadenus many Things had writ ;
Vanessa much esteem'd his Wit,
And call'd for his Poetic Works !
Mean Time the Boy in Secret lurks,
And while the Book was in her Hand,
The Urchin from his private Stand
Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength
A Dart of such prodigious Length,
It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.
Some Lines, more moving than the rest,
Struck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast ;
And, borne directly to the Heart,
With Pains unknown increas'd her Smart.

Vanessa, not in Years a Score,
Dreams of a Gown of forty-four ;
Imaginary Charms can find
In Eyes with Reading almost blind :

Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years:
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue;
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What Mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a Ship decay'd?
 What Planter will attempt to yoke
 A Sapling with a falling Oak?
 As Years increase, She brighter shines;
Cadenus with each Day declines;
 And He must fall a Prey to Time,
 While She continues in her Prime.

Cadenus common Forms apart,
 In ev'ry Scene had kept his Heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For Pastime, or to shew his Wit;
 But Time, and Books, and State Affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs;
 He now cou'd praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not, what was Love.
 His Conduct might have made him stil'd
 A Father, and the Nymph his Child.
 That innocent Delight he took
 To see the Virgin mind her Book,
 Was but the Master's secret Joy
 In School to hear the finest Boy.
 Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new:
Ideas came into her Mind
 So fast, his Lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.

But

But now a sudden Change was wrought ;
 She minds no longer what he taught,
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such Marks of a distracted Mind ;
 For tho' she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before ;
 He found her Thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not, whence could spring the
 And first he modestly conjectures, [Change.
 His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures :
 Which help'd to mortify his Pride,
 Yet gave him not the Heart to chide ;
 But in a mild dejected Strain
 At last he ventur'd to complain :
 Said, she should be no longer teiz'd ;
 Might have her Freedom, when she pleas'd ;
 Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong,
 To hide her from the World so long ;
 And in dull Studies to engage
 One of her tender Sex and Age :
 That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,
 How she might shine in the *Grande Monde* ;
 And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a Nun :
 This was a visionary Scheme ;
 He wak'd, and found it but a Dream ;
 A Project far above his Skill,
 For Nature must be Nature still :
 If He was bolder, than became
 A Scholar to a courtly Dame,
 She might excuse a Man of Letters ;
 Thus Tutors often treat their Betters :

And

22 CADENUS and VANESSA.

And, since his Talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last Adieu.

Vanessa fill'd with just Disdain,
Would still her Dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early Years
To scorn the Art of Female Tears.

Had he employ'd his Time so long
To teach her what was Right or Wrong,
Yet cou'd such Notions entertain,
That all his Lectures were in vain ?
She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts,
But He must answer for her Faults.
She well remember'd, to her Cost,
That all his Lessons were not lost.
Two Maxims she could still produce,
And sad Experience taught her Use ;
That Virtue, pleas'd by being shewn,
Knows nothing, which it dare not own ;
Can make us without Fear disclose
Our inmost Secrets to our Foes :
That, common Forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble Mind.
Now, said the Nymph, I'll let you see,
My Actions with your Rules agree ;
That I can vulgar Forms despise,
And have no Secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit :
You caution'd me against their Charms,
But never gave me equal Arms :
Your Lessons found the weakest Part,
Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.

Cadenus

Cadenus felt within him rise
 Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprise.
 He knew not, how to reconcile
 Such Language with her usual Style :
 And yet her Words were so exprest,
 He cou'd not hope she spoke in Jest.
 His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd
 To form and cultivate her Mind.
 He hardly knew, till he was told,
 Whether the Nymph were Young or Old ;
 Had met her in a publick Place,
 Without distinguishing her Face ;
 Much less cou'd his declining Age
Vanessa's earliest Thoughts engage :
 And if her Youth Indifference met,
 His Person must Contempt beget ;
 Or grant her Passion be sincere,
 How shall his Innocence be clear ?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The World must think him in the wrong ;
 Wou'd say, He made a treach'rous Use
 Of Wit, to flatter and seduce :
 The Town wou'd swear, he had betray'd,
 By Magick-Spells, the harmless Maid ;
 And ev'ry Beau wou'd have his Jokes,
 That Scholars are like other Folks ;
 That when Platonick Flights were over,
 The Tutor turn'd a mortal Lover.
 So tender of the young and Fair ?
 It shew'd a true Paternal Care---
 Five Thousand Guineas in her Purse ?
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.---
Hardly

24 CADENUS and VANESSA.

Hardly at length he Silence broke,
 And faulter'd ev'ry Word he spoke ;
 Interpreting her Complaisance,
 Just as a Man *sans Consequence*.
 She rally'd well, he always knew ;
 Her Manner now was something new ;
 And what she spoke was in an Air
 As serious, as a Tragick Player :
 But those who aim at Ridicule,
 Shou'd fix upon some certain Rule,
 Which fairly hints, they are in Jest,
 Else he must enter his Protest ;
 For let a Man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober Lies ;
 A Science, which he never taught,
 And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
 For, take it in its proper Light,
 'Tis just, what Coxcombs call a *Bite*.

But not to dwell on Things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the Dispute ;
 Brought weighty Arguments to prove,
 That Reason was her Guide in Love.
 She thought, he had himself describ'd,
 His Doctrines when she first imbib'd ;
 What he had planted, now was grown ;
 His Virtues she might call her own ;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in Nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last :
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the Matter.

How

How was her Tutor wont to praise
The Genius's of ancient Days !
(Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with Love, Esteem, and Awe
For Persons, whom he never saw.
Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
He must adore such God-like Men.
If one short Volume cou'd comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,
Altho' the Writer long were dead !
If such an Author were alive,
How all wou'd for his Friendship strive ;
And come in Crowds to see his Face !
And this she takes to be her Case.

Cadenus answers ev'ry End,
The Book, the Author, and the Friend ;
The utmost her Desires will reach,
Is but to learn, what He can teach ;
His Converse is a System fit
Alone to fill up all her Wit ;
While ev'ry Passion of her Mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with Speech inspire a Mute ;
And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.
This Topick, never touch'd before,
Display'd her Eloquence the more :
Her Knowledge, with such Pains acquir'd,
By this new Passion grew inspir'd.
Thro' this she made all Objects pass,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Mass ;

26 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

As Rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Course incline ;
Or, as Philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite System to their Mind,
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.

Cadenus, who cou'd ne'er suspect
His Lessons wou'd have such Effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her Side.
It was an unforeseen Event ;
'Things took a Turn he never meant ;
Who'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a Hero to our Eyes :
Each Girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the Teacher in her Thought :
When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
A Fidler may a Fortune get ;
A Blockhead, with melodious Voice,
In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice ;
And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art,
Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart :
In Learning let a Nymph delight,
The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.

Cadenus, to his Grief and Shame,
Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa*'s Flame ;
But tho' her Arguments were strong,
At least cou'd hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he cou'd not tell,
But, sure, she never talk'd so well.
His Pride began to interpose ;
Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux

So

So bright a Nymph to come unsought !
 Such Wonder by his Merit wrought !
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail ;
 He never knew her Judgment fail :
 She noted all she ever read ;
 And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
 That Vanity's the Food of Fools ;
 Yet now and then your Men of Wit
 Will condescend to take a Bit.

So, when *Cadenus* cou'd not hide,
 He chose to justify, his Pride ;
 Constr'ing the Passion she had shown,
 Much to her Praise, more to his Own.
 Nature in him had Merit plac'd,
 In her, a most judicious Taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
 Ne'er held Possession in his Breast ;
 So long attending at the Gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love, why do we one Passion call,
 When 'tis a Compound of them all ?
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their Equipages meet ;
 Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
 Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear ;
 Wherein his Dignity and Age
 Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.

But Friendship in its greatest Height,
 A constant, rational Delight,
 On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,
 When Love's Allurements long are past ;

D

Which

28 CADENUS *and* VANESSA.

Which gently warms, but cannot burn ;
 He gladly offers in Return :
 His want of Passion will redeem,
 With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem ;
 With that Devotion we bestow,
 When Goddesses appear below.

While thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted Strains,
 The Nymph in sober Words intreats
 A Truce with all sublime Conceits :
 For why such Raptures, Flights and Fancies
 To her, who durst not read Romances !
 In lofty Style to make replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise !
 But when her Tutor will affect
 Devotion, Duty, and Respect,
 He fairly abdicates his Throne ;
 The Government is now her own :
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
 She vows to take him at his Word,
 And hopes he will not take it strange,
 If both shou'd now their Stations change.
 The Nymph will have her Turn, to be
 The Tutor, and the Pupil, he :
 Tho' she already can discern,
 Her Scholar is not apt to learn ;
 Or wants Capacity to reach
 The Science, she designs to teach ;
 Wherein his Genius was below
 The Skill of ev'ry common Beau ;
 Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a Lady's Eyes,

And

And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

But what Success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the World a Secret yet ;
Whether the Nymph, to please her Swain,
Talks in a high romantick Strain ;
Or whether He at last descends
To like with less Seraphick Ends ;
Or to compound the Bus'ness, whether
They temper Love and Books together,
Must never to Mankind be told ;
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful *Queen of Love*
Led but a weary Life above.

She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* Conduct wise.
For tho' by one perverse Event
Pallas had cross'd her first Intent ;
Tho' her Design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much Experience gain'd ;
And, by the Project vainly try'd,
Could better now the Cause decide.
She gave due Notice, that both Parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Shou'd at their Peril without fail
Come and appear, and save their Bail.
All met ; and, Silence thrice proclaim'd,
One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.
The Judge discover'd in her Face
Resentments for her late Disgrace ;
And full of Anger, Shame, and Grief,
Directed them to mind their Brief ;

Nor spend their Time to shew their Reading ;
 She'd have a summary Proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry Head,
 The Sum, of what each Lawyer said ;
 Gave her own Reasons last ; and then
 Decreed the Cause against the *Men*.

But, in a weighty Case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil Tongues might else report,
 She made a Speech in open Court ;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the Swains."
 On whose Petition (humbly shewing
 That Women were not worth the wooing,
 And that unless the Sex would mend,
 The Race of Lovers soon must end ;)
 " She was at Lord knows what Expence
 " To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense ;
 " A Model for her Sex design'd,
 " Who never could one Lover find.
 " She saw her Favour was misplac'd ;
 " The Fellows had a wretched Taste ;
 " She needs must tell them to their Face,
 " They were a senseless, stupid Race ;
 " And were she to begin agen,
 " She'd study to reform the *Men* ;
 " Or add some Grains of Folly more
 " To *Women*, than they had before,
 " To put them on an equal Foot ;
 " And this, or nothing else, wou'd do't.
 " This might their mutual Fancy strike,
 " Since ev'ry Being loves its *Like*.

" But

" But now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all Bus'ness to her Son ;
 " She puts the World in his Possession,
 " And let him use it at Discretion."

The Cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The Court ; so made his last *O yes !*
 The Goddess wou'd no longer wait ;
 But rising from her Chair of State,
 Left all below at Six and Sev'n ;
 Harness'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.

Baucis and Philemon. *Imitated*
from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
 The Saints wou'd often leave their Cells,
 And strol'd about, but hide their Quality,
 To try good People's Hospitality.
 It happen'd on a Winter Night,
 As Authors of the Legend write,
 Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
 Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
 To a small Village down in *Kent* ;
 Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain ;
 Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
 But not a Soul would let them in.

32 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
 To a small Cottage came at last ;
 Where dwelt a good honest old Yeoman,
 Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*,
 Who kindly did these Saints invite
 In his poor Hut to pass the Night ;
 And then the hospitable Sire
 Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire ;
 While he from out the Chimney took
 A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook ;
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large Slices to be fry'd ;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em Drink,
 Fill'd a large Jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
 The good old Couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd ;
 For both were frighted to the Heart,
 And just began to cry,----What art !
 Then softly turn'd aside to view,
 Whether the Lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
 Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant ;
 Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said ;
 No Hurt shall come to you or yours ;
 But for that Pack of churlish Boors,

Not.

Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
 They and their Houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
 And grow a Church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke; when fair and soft
 The Roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
 The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a Joist,
 But with the Upside down, to show
 Its Inclination for below;
 In vain; for a superior Force
 Apply'd at Bottom, stops its course,
 Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell;
 'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A Wooden Jack, which had almost
 Lost by disuse the Art to roast,
 A sudden Alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels;
 And what exalts the Wonder more,
 The Number made the Motion slow'r.
 The Flyer, tho't had leaden Feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't;
 But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an inch an Hour.
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's Side;
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
 The Jack would not be left alone;

But

But up against the Steeple rear'd,
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd ;
 And still its Love to Household Cares
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
 Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
 That Roast-Meat, which it cannot turn.

The Groaning Chair began to crawl,
 Like an huge Snail along the Wall ;
 There stuck aloft in publick view ;
 And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,
 Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
 Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
 The *little Children in the Wood*,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter ;
 And high in Order plac'd, describe
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of Timber, many a Load,
 Such as our Ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into Pews :
 Which still their ancient Nature keep,
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
 Grown to a Church by just degrees,
 The Hermits then desir'd their Host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.

Philemon

Philemon having paus'd a while,
 Return'd them Thanks in homely Style;
 Then said, my House is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still wou'd call it mine:
 I'm old, and fain wou'd live at Ease;
 Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve;
 His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable Hue;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
 His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*;
 He smoak'd his Pipe, and read the News;
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text;
 At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
 And had the Service all by Heart;
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast;
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right divine*.
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
 But *Classick Authors*,---he never mist 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a *Parson*,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on,
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen
 Good Pinner's edg'd with *Colberteen*;
 Her Petticoat transform'd a-pace
 Became black Satin flounc'd with Lace.

Plain

36 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Groggram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at Him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life
 Were sev'ral Years this Man and Wife;
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old Stories past,
 They went by chance amidst their Talk,
 To the Church Yard to take a Walk;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout!
 Sprout, quoth the Man! What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really, yours is budding too----
 Nay,----now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

Description would but tire my Muse:
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Yew*s.

Old Goodman *Dobson* of the Green
 Remembers he the Trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight:
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
 He gathers all the Parish there;
 Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew,
 'Till once a Parson of our Town
 To mend his Barn cut *Baucis* down;

At

At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd ;
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So, the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.

*A Description of a City Shower.
In Imitation of Virgil's Georg.*

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the
Hour
(By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a
Show'r.

While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.
Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in
Wine.

A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage ;
Saunt'ring in Coffee-House is *Dulman* seen ;
He damns the Climate, and complains of *Spleen*.

Mean while the South, rising with dabbled
Wings,

A sable Cloud a-thwart the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could con-
tain,

And, like a Drunkard, gives it up again.

Brisk

Brisk *Susan* whips her Linnen from the Rope,
 Whilst the first drizzling Show'r is borne a-
 slope ;

Such is that Sprinkling, which some careless
 Quean,

Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean ;
 You fly, invoke the Gods ; then turning, stop
 To rail ; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
 Not yet the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
 But, aided by the Wind, fought still for Life,
 And wasted with its Foe by violent Gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which
 was Dust.

Ah ! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
 When Dust and Rain at once his Coat in-
 vade ?

His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain
 Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.
 Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes
 down,

Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
 To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while ev'ry Spout's a-
 broach,

Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.
 The tuck'd up Semstress walks with hasty
 Strides,

While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's
 Sides.

Here various Kinds, by various Fortunes led,
 Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed :
 Triumphant

Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
 Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
 While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by
 Fits ;

And ever and anon with frightful Din
 The Leather sounds ; he trembles from within :
 So when *Troy* Chair-men bore the wooden
 Steed,

Pregnant with *Greeks* impatient to be freed ;
 (Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying Chair-men, run them thro',)
Laocoon struck the Outside with his Spear,
 And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels
 flow,

And bear their Trophies with them as they go:
 Filths of all Hues and Odours seem to tell,
 What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight
 and Smell.

They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
 From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's* shape their
 Course,

And in huge Confluent join'd at *Snow-hill*
 Ridge,

Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn-Bridge* :
 Sweepings from Butcher's Stalls, Dung,
 Guts and Blood,

Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all
 drench'd in Mud,

Dead Cats, and Turnip Tops, come tum-
 bling down the Flood.

A Description of the Morning.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney
Coach
Appearing shew'd the ruddy Morn's
Approach.

Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.

The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's
Door

Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the
Floor.

Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous
Airs,

Pepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.

The Youth with broomy Stumps began to
trace

The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn
the Place.

The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence
deep,

Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-
Sweep.

Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet ;
And Brick-Dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half
the Street.

The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for Fees.

The

The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their
Hands.

Horace, Epistle VII. Book I.
*Imitated, and addressed to the Earl
of Oxford, in the Year 1713.*

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support, 1
Returning Home one Day from Court,
His Mind with publick Cares possess'd,
All Europe's Bus'ness, in his Breast,
Observ'd a Parson near Whitehall, 5
Cheap'ning old Authors on a Stall.
The Priest was pretty well in Case,
And shew'd some Humour in his Face;
Look'd with an easy, careless Mien,
A perfect Stranger to the Spleen; 10

1. *Strenuus & fortis, caussisque Philippus a-*
gendis

Clarus ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit-----

5. ----- *Conspexit, ut aiunt,*
Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

Or Size that might a Pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord, (who, if a man may say't)
 Loves Mischief better than his Meat,
 Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest, 15
 And bid Friend *Lewis* go in quest;
 (This *Lewis* is a cunning Shaver,
 And very much in HARLEY's Favour;)
 In quest, who might this *Parson* be?
 What was his Name? of what Degree? 20
 If possible, to learn his Story,
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.
Lewis his Patron's Humour knows;
 Away upon his Errand goes,
 And quickly did the Matter sift; 25
 Found out, that it was Dr. *Swift*,
 A Clergyman of special Note
 For shunning those of his own Coat;
 Which made his Brethren of the Gown
 Take care betimes to run him down. 30

15. *Demetri* (*puer hic non læve jussa Philippi
 Accipiebat*) abi, quære, & refer: Unde
 domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit Patre, quove Pa-
 trono?
 23, 25. It, redit, & narrat, Voltcium nomine
 Mænam.

No Libertine, nor over nice,
 Addicted to no Sort of Vice;
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
 Not rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat:
 In State Opinions *a la Mode*;
 He hated *Wh-----n* like a Toad;
 Had giv'n the Faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *Junto* round;
 Kept company with Men of Wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ;
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
 But seldom rose above a Sheet;
 Of late indeed the Paper *Stamp*
 Did very much his Genius cramp;
 And since he could not spend his Fire,
 He now intended to retire.

Said HARLEY, I desire to know
 From his own Mouth, if this be so?
 Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me To-day.

31 — *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, & cessare, & quarere,
 & uti,
 Gaudentem.* —

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Di-
 Ad cœnam venia. Nam ane creder:
 Mana;
 Mirari secum tacitu.*

Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe My Lord had sent ;
 So never offer'd once to stir ;
 But coldly said, *Your Servant, Sir.*
 Does he refuse me ? HARLEY cry'd : 55
 He does, with Insolence and Pride.
 Some few days after HARLEY spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes
 At *Charing-Cross*, among the Rout, 60
 Where painted Monsters are hung out.
 He pull'd the String, and stopt his Coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who cou'd neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the Chariot-side,
 And offer'd many a lame Excuse ; 65
 He never meant the least Abuse —
 My Lord — *The Honour you design'd —*
Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
I'm sure I never should neglect —
No Man alive has more Respect — 70

54. *Benigne, Respondet.*

55. *Negat ille mihi ?*

56. — *Negat improbus, & te*
Negligit, aut horret.

57. — *Volteium mane Philippus,*
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
Occupat, & salvere jubet prior.

65. — *Ille Philippo*
Excusare laborem.

“ Well,

" Well, I shall think of that no more,
 " If you'll be sure to come at *Four*."
 The Doctor now obeys the Summons ;
 Likes both his Company, and Commons ;
 Displays his Talent ; sits till Ten ; 75
 Next Day invited comes again ;
 Soon grows Domestick ; seldom fails
 Either at Morning, or at Meals ;
 Came early, and departed late :
 In short, the Gudgeon took the Bait. 80
 MY LORD would carry on the Jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his Guest.
Swift much admires the Place and Air,
 And longs to be a *Canon* there,

71. ——— *Sic ignovisse putato*
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet.
Ergo
Post nonam venies :
 74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus*
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi
sæpe
Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
Mame cliens, & jam certus conviva ; ---
 81. ——— *Jubetur*
Rura suburbana indiētis comes ire Latinis.
Impositus mannis arvom cœlumque Sabi-
num
Non cessat laudare.

In Summer, round the Park to ride ; 85
In Winter, never to reside.

A *Canon* ! That's a Place too mean :

No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean* :

Two Dozen *Canons* round your Stall,
And You the Tyrant o'er them all. 90

You need but cross the *Irish Seas*,

To live in Plenty, Pow'r, and Ease.

Poor *Swift* departs ; and, what is worse,

With borrow'd Money in his Purse ;

Travels at least a hundred Leagues, 95

And suffers numberless Fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* compleat,

Devoutly lolling in his Seat ;

The Silver Virge, with decent Pride,

Stuck underneath his Cushion Side : 100

Suppose him gone thro' all Vexations,

Patents, Instalments, Abjurations,

First-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,

Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and ----

Cheats ---

The wicked Laity's contriving, 105

To hinder Clergymen from thriving.

Now all the Doctor's Money's spent ;

His Tenants wrong him in his Rent ;

87. *Videt, ridetque Philippus :*

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ ;*

Spem mentita seges, bos est eneclius arando ;

The

The Farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his Tythes in Kind; 110
And * *Paruifol* discounts Arrears
By Bills for Taxes and Repairs.

Poor *Swift*, with all his Losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt, 115
Takes Horse, and, in a mighty Fret,
Rides Day and Night at such a Rate,
He soon arrives at HARLEY's Gate;
But was so dirty, pale and thin,
Old *Read* † would hardly let him in. 120

Said HARLEY; Welcome, Rev'rend Dean:
What makes your Worship look so lean?
Why sure you won't appear in Town
In that old Wig, and rusty Gown?
I doubt your Heart is set on Pelf 125
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose now Stocks are high,
You've some good Purchase in your Eye;

* The Dean's Agent, a Frenchman.

115. *Offensus, Damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum*

Arripit iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

† The Lord Treasurer's Porter.

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus:*

Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris

Esse mihi.

Or

48 HORACE, Lib. II. Sat. VI.

Or is your Money out at Use ? —
 Truce, good my LORD, I beg a Truce. 130
 The Doctor in a Passion cry'd
 Your Raillery is misapply'd ;
 I have Experience dearly bought :
 You know I am not worth a Groat :
 But you resolv'd to have your Jest, 135
 And 'twas a Folly to contest ;
 Then, since you have now done your worst,
 Pray leave me, where you found me first.

Horace, Lib. II. Sat. VI. *Part*
of it Imitated.

I Often wish'd, that I had clear
 For Life six hundred Pounds a Year,
 A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
 A River at my Garden's End,
 A Terras Walk, and half a Rood 5
 Of Land set out to plant a Wood.

136. *Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque*
Penates

Obsecro, & obtestor ; vitæ me redde priori.

1. *Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita mag-*
nus,

Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ
fons,

Et paulum silvæ super bis foret.

Well :

Well : now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my Store,
But shou'd be perfectly content,
Cou'd I but live on this Side *Trent* ; 10
Nor cross the *Channel* twice a Year,
To spend six Months with *Statesmen* here.

I must by all Means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.

" *Lewis* ; the *Dean* will be of Use, 15
" Send for him up ; take no Excuse."

The Toil, the Danger of the Seas,
Great Ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost Five hundred Pound,
No Matter where the Money's found ; 20
It is but so much more in Debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your Gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to Town."

I hurry me in Haste away, 25
Not thinking it is Levee-Day ;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green ;
How should I thrust myself between ? 30

7. — *Auctius atque*
Di melius fecere. —

17. *Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma niva-*
lem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

Some Wag observes me thus perplext,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the D--n had been too proud
 " To juttle here among a Croud."
 Another in a surly Fit 35
 Tells me, I have more Zeal than Wit;
 " So eager to express your Love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this Rebuke; 40
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the World should know.

I get a Whisper, and withdraw :
 When twenty Fools I never saw
 Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I wou'd stand their Friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case —
 That, begs my Int'rest for a Place —
 A hundred other Men's Affairs
 Like Bees are humming in my Ears. 50
 " To-morrow my Appeal comes on ;
 " Without your Help the Cause is gone —
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great Affair, at Two —

35. *Quid vis insane, & quas res agis? impro-
 bus urget,*

*Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mecanatem memcri si mente recurras.
 Hoc jurat, & melli est, non mentiar. ---*

41. *— Aliena negotia centum,
 Per caput, & circa saliunt latus.*

" Put

" Put my Lord *Bolingbroke* in mind 55
 " To get my Warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider, 'tis my first Request. —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : —
 Then presently he falls to teize ;
 " You may for certain, if you please ; 60
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
 And--- " Mr. *Dean*, one Word from You---
 'Tis (let me see) three Years and more,
 (*October* next it will be four)
 Since *HARLEY* bid me first attend, 65
 And chose for me an humble Friend ;
 Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, " What's a-Clock ? And, " How's the
 Wind ?
 " Whose Chariot's that we left behind ? 70
 Or gravely try to read the Lines
 Writ underneath the Country Signs ;
 Or, " Have you nothing new To-day
 " From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay* ?
 Such Tattle often entertains 75
 My Lord and me as far as *Stains*,

60. — *Si vis ; potes, addit & insiat.*
 63. *Septimus octavo prior jam fuerit annus,*
Ex qua Mecenas me cepit habere suorum.
In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tol-
lere rhedi
Vellet iter faciens, & cui concedere nu-
gas.

As once a Week we travel down
 To *Windſor*, and again to Town;
 Where all that paſſes *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-Croſs*. 80

Yet ſome I know with Envy ſwell,
 Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:

“ How think you of our Friend the *Dean*?

“ I wonder what ſome People mean!

“ My Lord and he are grown ſo great; 85

“ Always together, *tête à tête*!

“ What, they admire him for his Jokes---

“ See but the Fortune of ſome Folks!

There flies about a ſtrange Report
 Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court; 90

I'm ſtopp'd by all the Fools I meet,

And catechiſ'd in ev'ry Street.

“ You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the Great;

“ Inform us, will the *Emp'r*or treat?

“ Or, do the Prints and Papers lie? 95

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

“ Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?

“ 'Tis now no Secret. --- I proteſt

'Tis one to me. --- “ Then tell us, pray,

“ When are the Troops to have their } 100
 Pay?

81. --- *Subjeſtor, in diem & horam,*
 Invidiæ.

89. *Frigidus à Roſtris manat per compita ru-*
 mor;

Quicumque obviuſ eſt, me conſulit.

And,

And, tho' I solemnly declare,
I know no more than my *Lord Mayor*,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest Mortal ever known.

Thus in a Sea of Folly toss'd 105
My choicest Hours of Life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book; 110
And there in sweet Oblivion drown
Those Cares, that haunt the Court and Town.

* *The Happy Life of a Country
Parson. In Imitation of Martial.*

PARSON, these Things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's Blessing.
A *Wife* that makes Conserves; a *Steed*
That carries double, when there's Need:

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut
unum*

Scilicet egregii mortalem, atque silenti.

108. *O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quando-
que licebit*

*Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, & iner-
tibus horis*

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?

October, Store, and best Virginia ;
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea :
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd :
A large Concordance, (bound long since)
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince ;
A Chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy Band in :
The Polyglott---three Parts,---my Text---
Howbeit,---likewise---now to my next---
Lo here the Septuagint,---and Paul---
To sum the whole,---the Close of all.

He that has these, may pass his Life,
 Drink with the Squire, and kiss his Wife ;
 On *Sundays* preach, and eat his Fill ;
 And fast on *Fridays*, if he will ;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Church-wardens about Pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his Head at Doctor S---t.

* *A Tale of Chaucer, lately found*
in an Old Manuscript.

WOMEN, tho' nat fans Leacherie,
 Ne swinken but with Secrecie :
 This in our Tale is plain y-fond
 Of Clerk, that wonneth in *Ireland* :

Which

Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then there passen by the Way
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway :
 Ducke in his Trowzes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
 " But ho ! our Nephew (crieth one,)
 " Ho ! quoth another Couzen *John* ;
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out, ---
 This sely Clerk full low doth lout.
 They asken that, and talken this,
 " Lo here is *Coz.* and here is *Miss.*
 But, as he glozeth with Speeches foote,
 The Ducke sore tickles his Erse Roote :
 Fore-piece and Buttons all to brest,
 Forth thrust a white Neck and red Crest.
Te-be cry'd Ladies, Clerke not spake :
 Miss star'd : and gray Ducke crieth *Quaake.*
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the Daughter)
 " Be thilke same Thing the Maids longen
 a'ter ?
 " Bette is to pyne on Coals and Chalke,
 " Than trust on Mon, whose Yerde can
talke.

* *The Alley. An Imitation of
Spencer.*

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his
Tide,

A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low ;

Where ever and anon the Stream is ey'd,

And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.

There oft' are heard the Notes of Infant
Woe,

The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shril-
ler Squall :

How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children
so ?

Some play, some cat, some cack against the
Wall,

And as they crouchen low, for Bread and
Butter call.

II.

And on the broken Pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring
lie ;

A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,

And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs, are feed-
ing by ;

And here a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry :

At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons seen,

Mending old Nets to catch the scaly Fry :

Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,

Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds ; bad
Neighbourhood I ween.

The

III.

The snappish Cur (the Passenger's annoy)
 Close at my Heel with yelping Treble flies;
 The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming
 Boy,
 Join to the yelping Treble shrilling Cries;
 The scolding Qucan to louder Notes doth
 rise,
 And her full Pipes those shrilling Cries con-
 found;
 To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies;
 The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours
 round,
 And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in
 the deep Base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early Days
 Baskets of Fish at *Billinggate* did watch,
 Cod, Whiting, Oyfter, Mackrel, Sprat, or
 Plaice:
 There learn'd she Speech from Tongues,
 that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Magpy, chatters;
 With *Envy* (spitting Cat) dread Foe to
 Peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and
 all to Tatters,

V. Her

V.

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's
 Hand,
 Her Mouth was black as Bull-Dogs at the
 Stall ;
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd not Lace nor
 Band,
 And Bitch and Rogue her Answer was at
 all ;
 Nay, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name
 wou'd call ;
 Whene'er she pass'd by a Lane or Nook,
 Wou'd greet the Man, who turn'd him to
 the Wall ;
 And by his Hand obscene the Porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

Such Place hath *Deptford*, Navy-building
 Town,
 ~ *Woolwich* and *Wapping*, smelling strong of
 Pitch ;
 Such *Lambeth*, Envy of each Band and Gown,
 And *Tavick'nam* such, which fairer Scenes
 enrich,
 Grots, Statues, Urns, and *Jo---n's Dog*
 and *Bitch*,
 Ne Village is without, on either Side,
 All up the silver *Thames*, or all a-down ;

Ne

Ne *Richmond's* self, from whose tall Front are
ey'd
Vales, Spires, meandring Streams, and *Wind-*
sor's tow'ry Pride.

* *The Capon's Tale: To a Lady,
who father'd her Lampoons upon
her Acquaintance.*

IN *Yorkshire* dwelt a sober Yeoman,
Whose Wife, a clean, pains-taking Wo-
man,

Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens,
And saw her Cocks well serve her Hens.

A Hen she had, whose tuneful Clocks
Drew after her a Train of Cocks;
With Eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You wou'd have sworn this Hen a Pheasant.
All the plum'd *Beau-Monde* round her gathers:
Lord! what a Brustling up of Feathers!
Morning from Noon there was no knowing,
There was such Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crow-
ing;

Each forward Bird must thrust his Head in,
And not a Cock but wou'd be treading.

Yet tender was this Hen so fair,
And hatch'd more Chicks, than she could rear.

Our prudent Dame bethought her then
Of some Dry-Nurse to save her Hen;
She made a Capon drunk; in fine
He eat the Sopps, she sipp'd the Wine;

His

His Rump well pluck'd with Nettles stings,
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings.

The feather'd Dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent.
Thinks he's the Hen, clocks, keeps a Pother,
A foolish Foster-Father-Mother.

Such, Lady *Mary*, are your Tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your Chicks:
You should be better skill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, serve your Cocks.

*Verses wrote on a Lady's Ivory
Table-Book.*

PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou seest my Owner's Heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry Coxcomb's Eyes,
But hid with Caution from the Wife.
Here you may read (*Dear charming Saint*)
Beneath (*A new Receipt for Paint* :)
Here in Beau-spelling (*tru tel Deth,*)
There in her own (*far an el breth.*)
Here (*lovely Nymph pronounce my Doom,*)
There (*a safe Way to use Perfume* ;)
Here a page fill'd with Billet-Doux ;
On t'other Side (*laid out for Shoes* :)

(*Madam*

(*Madam I die without your Grace,*)
(*Item, for half a Yard of Lace.*)
Who that had Wit wou'd place it here,
For ev'ry peeping Fop to jeer ?
In Pow'r of Spittle, and a Clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out ;
And then, to heighten the Disgrace,
Clap his own Nonsense in the Place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his Part
In such a Book, and such a Heart,
If he be wealthy, and a Fool,
Is in all Points the fittest Tool ;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a Golden Pencil tipp'd with Lead.

*To their Excellencies the Lords
Justices of Ireland.*

*The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a Maid, if it mis-
carries ;*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady
Betty's Chamber, because I was cold ;
And I had in a Purse Seven Pound,
Four Shillings, and Six Pence, besides Far-
things, in Money and Gold ;

So,

So, because I had been buying Things for my
Lady last Night,

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it
 was right :

Now you must know, because my Trunk
 has a very bad Lock,

Therefore all the Money I have, which
 God knows, is a very small Stock,

I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle,
 next my Smock.

So when I went to put up my Purse, as God
 would have it, my Smock was unript,

And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down
 it slid :

Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put
 my *Lady* to Bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my Money was
 as safe as my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket
 feel very light ;

But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse,
Lord! I thought I shou'd have sunk out-

right.

Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? In-
 deed, says I, never worse :

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have
 done with my Purse ?

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stir'd out of
 this Place :

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Cham-
 ber, that's a plain Case ;

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up
warm :

However, she stole away my Garters, that I
might do myself no Harm ;

So I tumbled and tofs'd all Night, as you may
very well think,

But hardly ever sat my Eyes together, or slept
a Wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
and search'd the Folks round,

And in a Corner of Mrs. *Duke's* Box, ty'd in
a Rag, the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a
Swearing ;

Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she, you
know, is thick of Hearing :

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, Do you
know, what a Loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord * *Colway's* Folks are
all very sad ;

For my Lord || *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday*
without fail :

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the Bus'ness that
I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this
five and twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of
such a Thing.

* *Gallway.* || *Drogheda.*

G

Yes,

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury's*,
Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time of *Goosberries*.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full of Grief,

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World I hate a Thief)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slyly about;

Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the Money three skips of a Louse;

But the Thing I stand upon is, the Credit of the House;

'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these Ages.

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body understands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go without Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing herself,) if ever I saw't!

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught;

So you know, what could I say to her any more;

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well;

Well; but then they would have had me gone
to the Cunning Man;
No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain*
will be here anon.
So the *Chaplain* came in; Now the Servants say
he is my Sweetheart,
Because he's always in my Chamber, and I al-
ways take his Part;
So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was
aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when
a Body's plunder'd?
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd
Parson like the *Devil*)
Truly, says he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become
you to be more civil;
If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine*
says, d'ye see,
You are no *Text* for my Handling, so take that
from me;
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd
have you to know,
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never
thought you so;
You know, I honour the Cloth; I design to
be a *Parson's* Wife;
I never took one in your *Coat* for a *Conjurer* in
all my Life.
With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a
Rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang yourself for me, and
so went away.

66 Mrs. HARRIS's *Petition.*

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd; *Lord*,
said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *Money*, and shall lose my *True*
Love too.

Then my *Lord* call'd me; *Harris*, said my
Lord, don't cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss; and says
my *Lady*, so will I.

Oh! but said I, what if, after all, my *Chaplain*
won't come to?

For that, he said (an't please your *Excellencies*,)
I must petition You.

The *Premises* tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's*
Collection:

And over and above, that I may have your
Excellencies Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid; or
instead of him, a better;

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and
Day,

Or the *Chaplain*, (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Du-
ty bound, shall ever pray.

Lady

Lady B---- B---- finding in the Author's Room some Verses unfinished, underwrit a Stanza of her own, with Raillery upon him, which gave Occasion to this Ballad.

To the Tune of, The Cutpurse.

I.

ONCE on a Time, as old Stories rehearse,
A Friar would needs shew his Talent
in *Latin* ;

But was sorely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
Because he could find no Word to come
pat in ;

Then at the Place

He left a void Space,

And so went to Bed in a desperate Case ;

When behold the next Morning, a wonder-
ful Riddle,

He found it was strangely fill'd up in the
Middle !

Chorus. *Let censuring Criticks, then, think
what they list on't,
Who would not write Verses with
such an Assistant ?*

II.

This put me the Friar into an amazement,
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,
 That came thro' the Key-Hole, or in at the
 Cazement,

And it needs must be one that could both
 read and write :

Yet he did not know,
 If it were Friend or Foe,

Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er it was civil, in Angel or Elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of
 himself.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains
 In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand :
 He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of
 Pains,

When he found a new Help from invisible
 Hand.

Then good Dr. S----

Pay Thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a
 dead Lift :

And tho' some malicious young Spirit did
 do't,

You may know by the Hand, it had no Clo-
 ven Foot.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

V----'s

V-----'s House, *built from the
Ruins of Whitehall, that was
burnt.*

IN Times of *Old*, when Time was *Young*,
And Poets their own Verses sung,
A Verse could draw a Stone or Beam,
That now would over-load a Team;
Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.
Each Number had its diff'rent Pow'r;
Heroick Strains could build a Tow'r;
Sonnets, or Elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raise a House about two Stories;
A Lyrick Ode wou'd slate; a Catch
Wou'd tile; an Epigram wou'd thatch.

But to their own, or Landlord's Cost,
Now Poets feel this Art is lost:
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raise a Lodging *for a Song*.
For *Jove* consider'd well the Case,
Observ'd they grew a num'rous Race,
And shou'd they *Build* as fast as *Write*,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their Element:
On Earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole Patron of the Building Trade,

Leaving

Leaving the Wits the specious Air
 With Licence to *build Castles* there :
 And 'tis conceiv'd, their old Pretence
 To lodge in Garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern Way,
 The better Half we have to say ;
 Sing, Muse, the House of Poet V-----
 In higher Strains than we began.

V----- (for 'tis fit the Reader know it,)

Is both a Herald and a Poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both Capacities to build.
 As Herald, he can in a Day
 Repair a *House* gone to Decay ;
 Or by *Atchievement, Arms, Device*
 Erect a new one in a Trice.
 And as a Poet, he has Skill
 To build in Speculation still.
 Great *Jove* ! he cry'd, the Art restore,
 To build by Verse as heretofore ;
 And make my Muse the Architect :
 What Palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
 Lament his old *Whitehall* in Flames ;
 A Pile shall from its Ashes rise,
 Fit to invade, or prop the Skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle God,
 Consenting with the usual Nod,
 Told V----- he knew his Talent best,
 And left the Choice to his own Breast.
 So V----- resolv'd to write a Farce ;
 But well perceiving Wit was scarce,

With

With Cunning that Defect supplies ;
Takes a *French* Play as lawful Prize ;
Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
Not once suspecting *Jove* wou'd *Smoke* ;
And like a Wag, sat down to write,
Wou'd whisper to himself, a *Bite* :
Then from the motly, mingled Style
Proceeded to erect his Pile.
So Men of old, to gain Renown, did
Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded.
Jove saw the Cheat, but thought it best
To turn the Matter to a Jest :
Down from *Olympus*' Top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his Sides ;
Ay, thought the God, are these your Tricks ?
Why then *old Plays* deserve *old Bricks* ;
And since you're sparing of your Stuff,
Your Building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging lent his Aid ;
Th' experienc'd Bricks, that knew their Trade,
As being Bricks at second Hand,
Now move, and now in Order stand.

The Building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in Proportion to his Wit ;
And first, a Prologue built a Wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The Scene a Wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby Trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
A Cellar next was dug below ;
But this a Work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under Ground.

Two

Two other Acts we may presume
 Were spent in building each a Room;
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a Shift
 To raise a Roof with Act the Fifth.
 The Epilogue behind did frame
 A Place not decent here to name.

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
 To see the House of Brother V---
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
 But no such House was to be found.
 One asks the Watermen hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie?
 Another of the *Thames* enquires,
 If he has seen its gilded Spires?
 At length they in the Rubbish spy
 A Thing resembling a Goose-Pye.
 Farther in haste the Poets throng,
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in Raptures thus began
 To praise the Pile and Builder V---

Thrice happy Poet! who may trail
 Thy House about thee like a Snail;
 Or harness'd to a Nag, at Ease
 Take Journies in it like a Chaise;
 Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a Tilt.
 Capacious House! 'tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well-contriv'd, tho' thou art small;
 For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Isle
 May lodge within thy spacious Pile.
 Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poets feign,
 Thy Mother burnt, art born again;

Born

Born like a *Phoenix* from the Flame !
But neither *Bulk* nor *Shape* the same ;
As Animals of largest Size
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies.
A Type of *Modern Wit* and Style,
The Rubbish of an ancient Pile.
So *Chymists* boast they have a Pow'r,
From the dead *Ashes* of a Flow'r
Some faint Resemblance to produce,
But not the *Virtue*, *Taste*, or *Juice*.
So modern Rhymers wisely blast
The Poetry of Ages past ;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own.

The History of V——'s House.

WHEN Mother *Clud* had rose from Play,
And call'd to take the Cards away,
V----- saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted Card ;
And busy both with Hand and Eye,
Soon rear'd a House two Stories high.
V-----'s *Genius*, without Thought or Lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *Architecture* :
He view'd the Edifice, and smil'd ;
Vow'd it was pretty for a Child :
It was so perfect in its Kind,
He kept the *Model* in his Mind.

But when he found the Boys at Play,
And saw them dabling in their Clay,

He

He stood behind a Stall to lurk,
 And mark the Progress of their Work ;
 With true Delight observ'd 'em all
 Raking up *Mud* to build a Wall :
 The Plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *Model* in his Table-Book ;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *House* to build ;
 A *real House*, and *Rooms*, and *Stairs*;
 Five Times at least as big as theirs ;
 Taller than *Miss's* by two Yards ;
 Not a sham Thing of Clay or Cards.
 And so he did ; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous Pile,
 That no two Chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the Ground :
 Still at *Whitehall* it stands in View,
 Just in the Place, where first it grew ;
 There all the little School-boys run,
 Envy'ing to see themselves out-done.

From such deep Rudiments as these,
V----- is become by due degrees
 For Building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
 At Court *Vitruvius* the *Second* ;
 No Wonder, since wise *Authors* show,
 That *best Foundations* must be low :
 And now the *Duke* has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim*.
 But, Raillery for once a-part,
 If this Rule holds in ev'ry Art,
 Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in
 The Art of Battering Walls than Building,

We

We might expect to see next Year
A Mouse-Trap Man chief Engineer.

*The Virtues of Sid Hamet the
Magician's Rod.*

THE Rod was but a harmless Wand,
While Moses held it in his Hand;
But soon as e'er he *laid it down*,

'Twas a devouring Serpent grown.

Our great Magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverses what the Prophet did;
His Rod was honest *English Wood*,
That senseless in a Corner stood,
Till metamorphos'd by his Grasp,
It grew an all-devouring Asp;
Wou'd hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere Virtue of his Fist;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the Figure of a Stick.

So to her Midnight Feasts the Hag
Rides on a Broomstick for a Nag,
That rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch;
But, with the Morning Dawn, resumes
The peaceful State of common Brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain Magick Rod,
That, bending down its Top, divines
Whene'er the Soil has Golden Mines;

H

Where

Where there are none, it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least Respect :
 As ready was the *Wand of Sid*
 To bend where *Golden Mines* were hid ;
 In *Scottish Hills* found precious Ore,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
 And by a *gentle Bow* divin'd,
 How well a *Cully's Purse* was lin'd ;
 To a forlorn and broken *Rake*
 Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

The *Rod of Hermes* was renown'd
 For Charms above and under Ground ;
 To sleep could mortal Eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed Souls to *Styx*.
 That *Rod* was just a Type of *Sid's*,
 Which o'er a *British Senate's Lids*
 Could scatter *Opium* full as well,
 And drive as many *Souls* to *Hell*.

Sid's Rod was slender, white and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal ;
 A *Plaise* was fasten'd to the Hook,
 And many Score of *Gudgeons* took ;
 Yet still so happy was his Fate,
 He caught his *Fish*, and sav'd his *Bait*.

Sid's Brethren of the *Conj'ring Tribe*
 A Circle with their *Rod* describe,
 Which proves a magical Redoubt
 To keep *mischievous Spirits* out :
Sid's Rod was of a larger Stride,
 And made a Circle thrice as wide ;
 Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din,
 And he stood there to take them in.

But

But when th' enchanted *Rod* was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking Smoke.

Achilles' Sceptre was of Wood,
Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good;
That down from Ancestors divine,
Transmitted to the Heroes Line;
Thence thro' a long Descent of Kings
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as *Homer* sings,
Tho' this Description looks so big,
That *Sceptre* was a sapless Twig;
Which from the fatal Day, when first
It left the Forest, where 'twas nurs'd,
As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Blossom bore.
Sid's Sceptre, full of Juice, did shoot
In Golden Boughs, and Golden Fruit;
And he, the *Dragon* never sleeping,
Guarded each fair *Hesperian* Pippin.
No *Hobby-horse* with gorgeous Top,
The dearest in *Charles Mather's* Shop,
Or glitt'ring Tinsel of *May-Fair*,
Could with this Rod of *Sid* compare.

Dear *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad,
To break thy *Rod* like naughty Lad?
You shou'd have kiss'd it in your Distress,
And then return'd it to your *Mistress*:
Or made it a *Newmarket* Switch,
And not a *Rod* for thy own Breech.
For since old *Sid* has broken this,
His next will be a *Rod* in *Piss*.

*Atlas, or the Minister of State ; to
the Lord Treasurer Oxford.*

ATLAS, we read in ancient Song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the Skies upon his Back,
Just as a Pedlar does his Pack :
But, as a Pedlar overprest,
Unloads upon a Stall to rest ;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a Friend to lend a Hand ;
So *Atlas*, lest the pond'rous Spheres
Shou'd sink, and fall about his Ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the Pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.

Yet *Hercules* was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.

Great Statesmen are in this Condition,
And *Atlas* is a Politician,
A premier Minister of State,
Alcides one of second Rate.
Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
Yet when the Weight of Kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single Shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *Upholders*.

The Description of a Salamander.
Out of Pliny's Nat. Hist. Lib.
10. c. 67. and Lib. 29. c. 4.

AS Mastive Dogs in modern Phrase are
 Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar* ;
 As *Pyes* and *Daws* are often stil'd
 With Christian Nick-names like a Child ;
 As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
 Without Offence to human Shape ;
 So Men have got from Bird and Brute
 Names, that would best their Natures suit.
 The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
 Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
 T'express their Valour, Strength, or Wit.
 For what is understood by *Fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *Name* ?
 But e'er since Men invented Guns,
 A diff'rent Way their Fancy runs ;
 To paint a Hero, we enquire
 For something that will conquer *Fire*.
 Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
 Think of a Bucket or a Pump.
 Are these two low ?---- then find out grander,
 Call my Lord C---- a *Salamander*.
 'Tis well ; ---- but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the Term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm ;

80 *The* SALAMANDER.

Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply ;
And I'll be judg'd by *Standers-by*.

First, then, our Author has defin'd
This Reptile of the Serpent Kind,
With gaudy Coat, and shining Train ;
But loathsome Spots his Body stain :
Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the Air ; and then
Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So, when the War has rais'd a Storm,
I've seen a *Snake* in human Form,
All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a Trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy Show,
Become a Gen'ral, Peer, and Beau,
'Till Peace hath made the Sky serene ;
Then shrink into its Hole again.

*All this we grant-----why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander !*

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
So cold, that, put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire :
Beside, it spews a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both,)
Of Matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound,
Spreads Leprosy and Baldac's round.

So

So have I seen a batter'd Beau,
By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whose Breath or Touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame.
And shou'd some Nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
Receive the Filth, which he ejects,
She soon wou'd find the same Effects,
Her tainted Carcass to pursue,
As from the *Salamander's* Spue ;
A dismal Shedding of her Locks,
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each By-Stander,
Is not this same a Salamander ?*

* *The Elephant : Or, The Parliament-Man ; written many Years since. Taken from Coke's Institutes.*

ER E Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The Precepts of Lord *Coke* peruse.
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be.
First, take a Man that's free from *Gall* ;
For Elephants have none at all :
In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep ;
For Elephants live just like Sheep :

Stubborn.

Stubborn in Honour he must be ;
For Elephants *ne'er bend the Knee* :
Last, let his *Memory* be sound,
In which your Elephant's profound ;
That *old Examples* from the Wise
May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ
In all the Form of Lawyers Wit ;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Comparison is pat.

Yet in some Points my Lord is wrong :
One's *Teeth* are sold, and t'other's *Tongue*.
Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like *Elephants of Shows* ;
Whose docile Memory and Sense
Are turn'd to Trick, to gather Pence :
To get their Master half a Crown,
They spread their Flag, or lay it down.
Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
And guarded Nations from Attacks,
Now practise ev'ry pliant Gesture,
Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Tester.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
Is not with *England* to be nam'd ;
Their Elephants by Men are sold ;
Ours sell Themselves, and take the Gold.

An

*An Elegy on the supposed Death of
Partridge, the Almanack-Maker.*

WELL ; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,
 Tho' we all took it for a Jest ;
Partridge is dead ; nay more, he dy'd
 Ere he cou'd prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
 Strange, an Astrologer shou'd die
 Without one Wonder in the Sky !
 Not one of all his *Crony* Stars
 To pay their Duty at his Herse !
 No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd !
 No Comet with a flaming Beard !
 The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,
 Just as if *Partridge* were not dead :
 Nor hid himself behind the Moon
 To make a dreadful Night at Noon.
 He at fit Periods walks thro' *Aries*,
 Howe'er our earthly Motion varies ;
 And twice a Year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
 As if there had been no such Matter.

Some Wits have wonder'd, what Analogy
 There is 'twixt * *Cobling* and *Astrology* :
 How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* rise,
 From a *Shoe-Sole*, to reach the Skies.

A Lift the Coblers Temples Ties
 To keep the Hair out of their Eyes ;

* *Partridge was a Cöbler.*

From

From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*,
 That Princes wear, derives from them.
 And therefore *Crowns* are now-a-days
 Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,
 Which plainly shews the near Alliance
 'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*,
 (As 'tis miscall'd) we know not who 'tis :
 But *Partridge* ended all Disputes ;
 He knew his Trade, and call'd it * *Boots*.

The *Horned Moon*, which heretofore
 Upon their Shoes the *Romans* wore,
 Whose Wideness kept their Toes from Corns,
 And whence we claim our *Shooing-Horns*,
 Shews, how the Art of *Cobling* bears
 A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A Scrap of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*
 (A great Refinement in *Barometry*)
 Can, like the Stars, foretel the Weather ;
 And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather*,
 Which an *Astrologer* might use,
 Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes* ?

Thus *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
 At once did practise both these Arts :
 And as the boading Owl (or rather
 The Bat, because her Wings are *Leather*)
 Steals from her private Cell by Night,
 And flies about at Candle-Light ;

* See his *Almanack*.

So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the Dark from *Leathern Cell*,
And, in his Fancy, fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

Besides, he could confound the *Spheres*,
And set the *Planets* by the Ears;
To shew his Skill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *Aspect Malign*;
Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
And cure the Wounds, that *Venus* made.

Great Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* King of *Greece* was dead,
His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
And each Part took a diff'rent Side;
One rose a Star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each Art,
The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* part;
And is install'd as good a Star
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

Triumphant Star! some Pity shew
On *Coblers militant* below,
Whom roguish Boys in Stormy Nights
Torment, by pissing out their Lights;
Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke!

Thou, high exalted in thy Sphere,
May'st follow still thy Calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his Hide,
By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
For thee they *Argo's Hulk* will tax,
And scrape her pitchy Sides for *Wax*.

Then

Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
 Her braided Hair to make thee *Ends*.
 The Point of *Sagittarius*' Dart
 Turns to an *Awl* by heav'nly Art;
 And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his Wife,
 Will forge for thee a *Paring-Knife*.
 For want of Room by *Virgo*'s Side,
 She'll strain a Point, and sit * astride
 To take thee kindly in *between*;
 And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.

The Epitaph.

HERE, five Foot deep, lies on his Back
 A *Cobler*, *Starmonger*, and *Quack*;
 Who to the Stars in pure Good-will
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep, all you Customers, that use
 His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes;
 And you, that did your Fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a Week:
 This Earth, which bears his Body's Print,
 You'll find has so much Vertue in't,
 That I durst pawn my Ears, 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In Physick, Stolen Goods, or Love,
 As he himself could, when above.

* Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

* Verses

* Verses *to be prefixed before* Bernard Lintot's *New Miscellany*.

SOME *Colinaus* praise, some *Bleau*,
 Others account them but so so ;
 Some *Plantin* to the rest prefer,
 And some esteem *Old Elzevir* ;
 Others with *Aldus* wou'd besot us ;
 I, for my Part, admire *Lintottus*---
 His Character's beyond Compare,
 Like his own Person, large and fair.
 They print their Names in Letters small,
 But *LINTOT* stands in Capital :
 Author and He, with equal Grace,
 Appear and stare you in the Face :
Stephens prints *Heathen Greek*, 'tis said,
 Which some can't construe, some can't read :
 But all, that comes from *Lintot's* Hand,
 Ev'n *Ra-----son* might understand.
 Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
 A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting ;
 Of *Lintot's* Books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read.
 Their Copy cost 'em not a Penny
 To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any ;
 They ne'er gave *Six-pence* for *two Lines*,
 To them, their Heirs, or their Assigns ;
 But *Lintot* is at vast Expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for---Sense.

I

Their

88 To Mr. JOHN MOORE.

Their Books are useful but to few,
A Scholar, or a Wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral Use are fit;
For some Folks read, but all Folks sh---

* To Mr. John Moore, *Author of
the celebrated Worm-Powder.*

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find,
E're since our Grandame's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms
name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly turn'd a Glow-worm;

The

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a Day ;
First from a Worm they take their Rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows :
Thus Worms suit all Conditions ;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
By all their winding Play ;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah Moore ! thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain wou'd rise,
If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm, that never dies !

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who set'st our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee !

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
Some few short Years, no more :
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

* *Verses occasioned by an &c. at the
End of Mr. D'Urfy's Name in
the Title to one of his Plays.**

JOVE call'd before him t'other Day
The *Vowels*, U, O, I, E, A.
All *Diphthongs*, and all *Consonants*,
Either of *England*, or of *France* ;
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

Fierce is this Cause ; the *Letters* spoke all ;
Liquids grew rough, and *Mutes* turn'd vocal.
Those four proud *Syllables* alone

Were silent, which by *Fates* Decree
Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

N, by whom Names subsist, declar'd,
To have no Place in this was hard ;
And Q maintain'd, 'twas but his Due
Still to keep Company with U ;
So hop'd to stand, no less than he,
In the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

E shew'd, a *Comma* ne'er could claim
A Place in any *British* Name ;

* *This Accident happen'd by Mr. D'Urfy's
having made a Flourish there, which the Print-
er mistook for an &c.*

Yet

Yet making here a perfect Botch,
Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch :

Hiatus mi valde defendus !

From which good *Jupiter* defend us !

Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee,

Than be no Part in *Tom D'Urty*.

P protested, puff'd, and swore,

He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast ;

He was a Piece of Emperor,

And made up half a Pope at least.

C, vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd

His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,

For only one in *Tom D'Urfeius*.

I, Consonant and Vowel too,

To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,

That of his Grace he wou'd proclaim

Durfeius his true *Latin* Name ;

For tho' without them both, 'twas clear,

Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter* ;

Yet they'd resign that Post so high,

To be the Genitive *Durfei*.

B and *L* swore *Bl---* and *W---s*,

X and *Z* cry'd, *P---* and *Z----*,

G swore by *G--d*, it ne'er should be,

And *W* wou'd not lose, not he,

An *English Letter's* Property

In the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

In short ; the rest were all in Fray,

From *Chriscross* to *Et cætera*..

They, tho' but Standers-by too, mutter'd ;

Diphthongs, and Triphthongs, swore and stut-
ter'd ;

That none had so much Right to be
Part of the Name of stuttering T---

T-- Tom--a--as--- De---Dur---fy---fy.

Then *Jove* thus spake; With Care and
Pain

We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme;

Not thine, * Immortal *Neufgermain*!

Cost studious *Cabalists* more Time.

Yet now, as then, you all declare,

Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,

And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there;

Rather than Letters longer be,

Unless i'th' Name of *Tom Durfy*.

Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,

To foreign Letters could I say?

What if the *Hebrew* next shou'd aim

To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* Name?

Shou'd the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I

Cou'd ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;

Omicron and *Omega* from us

Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;

And all th' ambitious Vowels vie

No less than *Pythagorick Y*,

To have a Place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

Then, well-belov'd and trusty Letters!

Cons'nants, and Vowels, much their betters,

* A Poet, who used to make Verses, ending
with the last Syllables of the Names of those Per-
sons he praised: Which Voiture turned against
him in a Poem of the same Kind.

WE, willing to repair this Breach,
And all that in us lies, please each ;
Et cat'ra to our Aid must call,
Et cat'ra represents ye all ;
Et cat'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

}

* *Prologue, designed for Mr. Durfy's last Play.*

GROWN old in Rhyme; 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted Bard :
Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous Lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the Fair *against* her Will:
Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy,
Who in your own *Despise* has strove to please
ye.

He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore ;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You Modern Wits, shou'd each Man bring
his Claim,
Have desperate Debentures on your Fame ;
And little wou'd be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were
paid :

From

94 Prologue to the Three Hours, &c.

From his deep Fund our Author largely draws,
Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was.
Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made,
'Tis now for better Reasons--to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the World too
long,
And seen the Death of much immortal Song.
He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won,
As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are
undone.
Tho' Tom the Poet writ with Ease and Plea-
sure,
The Comick Tom abounds in other Treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat;
But 'tis substantial Happiness to eat.
Let Ease, his last Request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.

* Prologue to the Three Hours
after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capri-
cious Rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the
small ones Fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason Men of Sense abhor;
But Fool 'gainst Fool, is barb'rous Civil War.
Why

Prologue to the Three Hours, &c. 93

Why on all Authors then shou'd Criticks fall ?
Since some have writ, and shewn no Wit at all.
Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the *French*
" who made it."

By running Goods these graceless Owlers
gain ;

Theirs are the *Rules of France*, the *Plots of*
Spain :

But Wit, like Wine from happier Climates
brought,

Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* com-
mon Draught.

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly
Strain,

And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate.

It had been civil in these ticklish Times

To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign
Climes,

Spaniards and *French* abuse to the World's
End,

But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.

If any Fool is by our Satire bit,

Let him hiss loud, to shew you all, he's hit.

Poets make Characters, as *Salesmen* Clothes ;

We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus ;

But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,

And fit yourselves, like Chaps in *Manmouth-*
Street.

Gallants !

Gallants ! look here, this * *Fools-Cap* has
an Air

Goodly and smart, with Ears of *Iffachar*.

Let no one Fool engross it, or confine

A common Blessing ! now 'tis yours, now
mine.

But Poets in all Ages had the Care
To keep this Cap, for such as will to wear.

Our Author has it now, (for every Wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ ;)

And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly † thrown ;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* *Sandys's Ghost : Or a proper
new Ballad on the new Ovid's
Metamorphosis : As it was in-
tended to be translated by Per-
sons of Quality.*

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit
And Pleasure about Town,
Read this, e're you translate one Bit
Of Books of high Renown.

* *Shews a Cap with Ears.*

† *Flings down the Cap, and Exit.*

Beware

Beware of *Latin* Authors all :
Nor think your Verses Sterling,
'Tho' with a Golden Pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a *Berlin* :

For not the Desk with silver Nails,
Nor *Bureau* of Expence,
Nor Standish well japan'd, avails
To writing of good Sense.

Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night,
With faußer Eyes of Fire,
In woeful wise did sore affright
A Wit and courtly 'Squire.

Rare Imp of *Pbæbus*, hopeful Youth !
Like Puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry, in his Mouth,
The Works of all the Muses.

Ah ! why did he write Poetry,
That hereto was so civil ;
And sell his Soul for Vanity,
To Rhyming and the Devil ?

A Desk he had of curious Work,
With glitt'ring Studs about ;
Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
'Tho' *Ovid* lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up Thought,
Forth popp'd the *Sprite* so thin ;
And from the Key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a Pin.

With

With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon,
 And Ruff compos'd most duly;
 This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon,
 While as the Light burnt bluely.

Ho! Master *Sam*, quoth *Sandy's* Sprite,
 Write on, nor let me scare ye;
 Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
 To *Budgel* seek, or *Carey*.

I hear the Beat of *Jacob's* Drums;
 Poor *Ovid* finds no Quarter!
 See first the merry *P----* comes
 In Haste, without his Garter.

Then Lords and Lordings, 'Squires and
 Knights,
 Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers;
Garth at *St. James's*, and at *White's*,
 Beats up for Volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
 Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom B---- or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Dunton, *Steele*, or any one.

If Justice *Philips'* costive Head
 Some frigid Rhymes disburfes;
 They shall like *Persian* Tales be read,
 And glad both Babes and Nurses.

Let *W--rw--k's* Muse with *Ash---t* join,
 And *Ozel's* with Lord *Hervey's*:
Tickell and *Addison* combine,
 And *P--pe* translate with *Jervis*.

L—

L---- himself, that lively Lord,
 Who bows to ev'ry Lady,
 Shall join with F—— in one Accord,
 And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye *Ladies* too draw forth your Pen ;
 I pray where can the Hurt lie ?
 Since you have Brains as well as Men,
 As witness Lady *W——l——y*.

Now, *Tonson*, list thy Forces all ;
 Review them, and tell Noses ;
 For to poor *Ovid* shall befall
 A strange *Metamorphosis*.

A *Metamorphosis* more strange
 Than all his Books can vapour :
 " To what, (quoth 'Squire) shall *Ovid*
 change ? "
 Quoth *Sandys* : *To waste Paper*.

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the best known Author *Umbra*
 fits,
 The constant Index to all *Button's Wits*.
Who's here ? cries *Umbra* : Only *Johnson* ---
Oh ?
Your Slave, and *exit* ; but returns with *Rowe* ;

100 DUKE upon DUKE.

*Dear Rowe, lets sit and talk of Tragedies :
Not long, Pope enters ; and to Pope he flies :
Then up comes Steele ; he turns upon his
Heel,*

*And in a Moment fastens upon Steele :
But cries as soon, Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his Tread, here's Addison.
Says Addison to Steele, 'Tis Time to go ;
Pope to the Closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd Pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest T---.
Fool ! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam ;
Know, Sense, like Charity, begins at Home.*

Duke upon Duke. *An excellent
new Ballad.*

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO Lordings proud I tune my Lay,
Who feast in Bower or Hall :
Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I
say,
That Pride will have a Fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise,
And Nic. of Lancastere.

When

When *Richard Cœur-de-Lyon* reign'd,
(Which means a Lion's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a Lion's Part.

A Word and Blow was then enough,
(Such Honour did them prick)
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff;
And if your A—se, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose;
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of these, the Duke of *Lancastere*
Stood Paramount in Pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His Foes, and Friends beside.

Firm on his Front his Beaver fate,
So broad, it hid his Chin;
For why? he deem'd no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spanish* Wool he dy'd his Cheek,
With Essence oil'd his Hair;
No Vixen Civet-Cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair
 To *Guise's* Duke was he ;
 Never was such a loving Pair :
 How could they disagree ?

Oh, thus it was. He lov'd him dear,
 And cast how to requite him :
 And having no Friend left but this,
 He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill :
 And thus he did indite :
 " This Eve at Whisk ourself will play,
 " Sir Duke ! be here To-night."

Ah no, ah no, the guileless *Guise*
 Demurely did reply ;
 I cannot go, not yet can stand,
 So sore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
 And fiercely drove them on ;
 Lord ! Lord ! how rattl'd then thy Stones,
 Oh Kingly *Kensington* !

All in a Trice he rush'd on *Guise* ;
 Thrust out his Lady dear ;
 He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,
 And smote him on the Ear.

But mark, how 'midst of Victory,
 Fate plays her old Dog Trick !
 Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down ;
 And so down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas,

Alas, oh *Nic* ! Oh *Nic*. alas !
 Right did thy Gossip call thee :
 As who should say, alas the Day,
 When *John of Guise* shall maul thee !

For on thee did he clap his Chair,
 And on that Chair did sit ;
 And look'd, as if he meant therein
 To do --- what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke !
 Thy Mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
 A T——d instead of Trope.

“ Lie there, thou Caitiff vile ! quoth *Guise*,
 “ No *Sheet* is here to save thee ;
 “ The Casement it is shut likewise ;
 “ Beneath my Feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”
 Then *Lancastere* did cry,

“ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thyself ?
 “ Who thou, and whom am I ?

“ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d)
 “ Have brawl’d, and quarrel’d more,
 “ Than all the Line of *Lancastere*
 “ That battl’d heretofore ?

“ In Senates fam’d for many a Speech,
 “ And (what some Awe must give ye,
 “ Tho’ laid thus low beneath thy Breech)
 “ Still of the Council Privy.

“ Still of the *Dutchy* Chancellor,
 “ *Durante Life* I have it ;
 “ And turn, as now thou do’st on me,
 “ Mine A---e on them that gave it.”

But now the Servants they rush’d in ;
 And Duke *Nic.* up leap’d He :
 I will not cope against such odds,
 But, *Guise* ! I’ll fight with thee :

To-morrow with thee will I fight
 Under the Greenwood Tree ;
 “ No, not to-morrow, but to night
 “ (*Quoth Guise*) I’ll fight with thee.”

And now the Sun declining low
 Bestreak’d with Blood the Skies ;
 When, with his Sword at Saddle Bow,
 Rode forth the valiant *Guise* ;
 Full gently praunch’d he o’er the Lawn ;
 Oft roll’d his Eyes around,
 And from the Stirrup stretch’d, to find
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish’d he the Blade in Air,
 Long look’d the Field all o’er :
 At length he spy’d the Merry-men brown,
 And eke the Coach and four.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his Wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade
 Wherein he meant to fight.

All

All in that dreadful Hour, so calm

Was *Lancastere* to see,

As if he meant to take the Air,

Or only take a Fee.

And so he did---for to *New Court*

His rowling Wheels did run :

Not that he shunn'd the doubtful Strife,

But *Bus'ness* must be done.

Back in the Dark, by *Brompton Park*,

He turn'd up through the *Gore* ;

So slunk to *Cambden House* so high,

All in his Coach and four.

Mean while Duke *Guise* did fret and fume,

A Sight it was to see ;

Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew,

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,

Sore mutt'ring all the way,

“ The Day I meet him, *Nic.* shall rue

“ The Cudgel of that Day.

“ Mean Time on ev'ry Pissing-Post

“ Paste we this Recreant's Name,

“ So that each Pisser-by shall read,

“ And piss against the same.

Now God preserve our gracious King !

And grant, his Nobles all

May learn this lesson from Duke *Nic.*

That *Pride will have a Fall.*

* *Fragment*

* *Fragment of a Satire.*

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal Quill,
 I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still.
 If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious Fret,
 I'll answer *Dennis*, when I am in Debt.
 'Tis Hunger, and not Malice, makes them
 print ;
 And who'll wage War with *Bedlam* or the
Mint ?

Should some more sober Criticks come a-
 broad,
 If wrong, I smile ; if right, I kiss the Rod.
 Pains, Reading, Study, are their just Pretence ;
 And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.
Commas and *Points* they set exactly right ;
 And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their Mite.
 Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd those Rib-
 balds,
 From flashing B----y down to piddling *Tibbalds* :
 Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and
spells,

A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.
 Yet ev'n this Creature may some Notice claim,
 Wrapt round and sanctify'd with *Shakespeare's*
 Name.

Pretty, in Amber to observe the Forms
 Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or
 Worms :

The *Thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare ;
 But wonder, how the Devil it got there.

Are

Are others angry ? I excuse them too ;
Well may they rage ; I give them but their
Due.

Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
That casting Weight Pride adds to Empti-
ness ;

This who can *gratify* ; for who can *guess* ?
The Wretch, whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains from hardbound Brains six Lines
a Year ;

In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :

* *Johnson*, who now to Sense, now Nonsense
leaning,

Means not, but blunders round about a Mean-
ing :

And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,

† It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad :

Should modest Satire bid all these *translate*,

And own, that nine such Poets make a *Tate* ;

How wou'd they fume, and stamp, and roar,

and chafe !

How wou'd they swear, not *Congreve's* self
was safe !

* *Author of the Victim, and Cocker of Preston.*

† *Verse of Dr. Ev.*

108. *Fragment of a SATIRE.*

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose
 Fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with
 Ease ;
 Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the
 Throne ;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful Eyes ;
 And hate for Arts, that caus'd himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
 Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend ;
 Dreading ev'n Fools ; by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ;
 Like *Cato* gives his little *Senate* Laws,
 And sits attentive to his own Applause ;
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence
 raise,
 And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
 What Pity, Heav'n ! if such a Man there be !
 Who would not weep, if *A-----n* were he ?

* *Macer.*

* Macer.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high
 Renown,
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the
 Town,
 'Twas all th' Ambition his great Soul could
 feel,
 To wear red Stockings, and to dine with *St---*
 Some Ends of Verse his Betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless Fellow a good Word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
 And in a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Cr---n*.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a Tittle,
 But has the Wit to make the most of little ;
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have
 got
 Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.
 * Now he begs Verse, and what he gets com-
 mends,
 Not of the Wits his Foes, but Fools his Friends.
 So some coarse Country Wench, almost de-
 cay'd,
 Trudges to Town, and first turns Chamber-
 maid ;

* He requested by publick Advertisements the
 Aid of the Ingenious to make up a Miscellany in
 1713.

Awkward

Aukward and supple each Devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good Lady twice a Day ;
 Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean Degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity* :
 In a translated Suit then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own ;
 But just endur'd the Winter she began,
 And in four Months a batter'd Harridan.
 Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and
 shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go Shares with Punk.

* Sylvia, a Fragment.

SYLVIA my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
 Aw'd without Sense, and without Beauty charm'd ;
 But some odd Graces, and fine Flights, she
 had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;
 Her Tongue still run on Credit from her Eyes,
 More pert than witty, more a Wit than wise.
 Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn,
 Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born ;
 Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name :
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a Slave to Fame ;
 Now coy, and studious in no Point to fall,
 Now all agog for D-----y at a Ball :

Now

Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *Book of Martyrs*,
Now drinking Citron with his *Grace* and
Charters.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure
take,

But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake.
Frail, fev'rish Sex ! their Fit now chills, now
burns ;

Atheism and Superstition rule by Turns ;
And the mere Heathen in her carnal Part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart.

* Artimesia. .

TH O' *Artimesia* talks, by Fits,
Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits ;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke* :
Yet in some Things, methinks, she fails ;
'Twere well, if she wou'd pare her Nails,
And wear a cleaner Smock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* Bride ;
Such Nastiness, and so much Pride,
Are odly join'd by Fate :
On her large Squab you find her spread,
Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
That lies and stinks in State.

She wears no Colours (Sign of Grace)
On any Part except her Face ;
All white and black beside :

L,

Dauntless

Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud,
 Her Voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her Stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating Thing, a Magpye Height,
 Majestically stalk ;
 A stately, worthless Animal,
 That plies the Tongue, and wags the Tail ;
 All Flutter, Pride, and Talk.

* Phryne.

P H R Y N E had Talents for Mankind ;
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free Port of Trade :
 Merchants unloaded here their Freight ;
 And Agents from each foreign State
 Here first their Entry made.

Her Learning and good Breeding such,
 Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her,
 To all obliging she'd appear ;
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yau Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S' il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,
 Still changing Names, Religions, Climes,
 At length she turns a Bride ;
 In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd Jades ;
 And flutters in her Pride,

So have I known those Insects fair,
Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,
Still vary Shapes and Dyes ;
Still gain new Titles with new Forms ;
First Grubs obscene, then wrigling Worms,
Then painted Butterflies,

On Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove*
intreat
To form some Beauty by a new Re-
ceipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a Country Scene
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Look serene ;
From which Ingredients first the dex'trous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy ;
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride ;
These *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd ;
Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

Apollo outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, under her Name of Ardelia.

PHOEBUS now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach;
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he durst the Nymph approach.

Under those sacred Leaves, secure
From common Lightning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books
Of that bright God, whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks;
And guess'd his Bus'ness ere he spoke.

He, in the old Celestial Cant,
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Styx*,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er,

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart ;
And was resolv'd upon a Trial
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said ;
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
The God could not refuse her Pray'r :
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due ;
But she the Charm already try'd ;
Thalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this Celestial *Prude*
Apollo thought it vain to stay ;
Nor in her Presence durst be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muses wait ;
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Pow'r ;
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke ;
Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art ;
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler Part.

116 To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame :
With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,
May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of modest Poets be thou first,
To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,
'Till *Fame* and *Eccho* almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you descend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

* *Impromptu, To Lady Winchelsea.*
Occasioned by four Satyrical Ver-
ses on Women-Wits, in the Rape
of the Lock.

IN vain you boast Poetic Names of yore,
And cite those *Sappho's* we admire no more :
Fate doom'd the Fall of ev'ry Female Wit,
But doom'd it then, when first *Ardelia* writ.
Of all Examples by the World confest,
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the best ;
Who, like her Mistress on *Britania's* Throne,
Fights and subdues in Quarrels not her own.
To write their Praise you but in vain essay ;
Ev'n while you write, you take that Praise a-
way :

Light

Light to the Stars the Sun does thus restore,
But shines himself, till they are seen no more.

* Epigram.

A Bishop by his Neighbours hated
Has Cause to wish himself translated.
But why shou'd *Hough* desire Transla-
tion,

Lov'd and esteem'd by all the Nation?

Yet if it be the old Man's Case,
I'll lay my Life, I know the Place.
'Tis, where God sent some that adore him,
And whither *Enoch* went before him.

Stella's Birth-Day. 1718.

STELLA this Day is Thirty-four,
(We shan't dispute a Year or more :)

Howe'er, *Stella*, be not troubled,
Altho' thy Size and Years are doubted,
Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
The brightest Virgin on the Green.
So little is thy Form declin'd ;
Made up so largely in thy Mind.

Oh ! wou'd it please the Gods to *split*
Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit,

No

No Age could furnish out a Pair
 Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair :
 With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
 With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How shou'd I beg of gentle Fate,
 That either Nymph might have her Swain,
 To split my Worship too in twain !

Stella's Birth-Day. 1720.

ALL Travellers at first incline,
 Where-e'er they see the fairest Sign ;
 And if they find the Chambers neat,
 And like the Liquor and the Meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The *Angel-Inn* to ev'ry Friend :
 What tho' the Painting grows decay'd,
 The House will never lose its Trade :
 Nay, tho' the treach'rous Tapster *Thomas*
 Hangs a new Angel two Doors from us,
 As fine as Dawbers hands can make it,
 In hopes that Strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a Shame and a Sin
 To quit the true old *Angel-Inn*.

Now, this is *Stella's* Case in Fact,
 An *Angel's* Face, a little crack'd ;
 Could Poets, or could Painters fix
 How *Angels* look at Thirty-six.
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a Form an *Angel's* Mind ;

And

And ev'ry Virtue now supplies
The fainting Rays of *Stella's* Eyes.
See at her Levee crowding Swains,
Whom *Stella* freely entertains
With Breeding, Humour, Wit, and Sense,
And puts them but to small Expence ;
Their Mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable Bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her Stock been less, no doubt,
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think, we'll quit the Place,
When *Doll* hangs out a newer Face ;
Or stop and light at *Cloe's* Head,
With Scraps and Leavings to be fed ?

Then *Cloe*, still go on to prate
Of Thirty-six, and Thirty-eight ;
Pursue your Trade of Scandal-picking,
Your Hints, that *Stella* is no Chicken ;
Your Innuendo's, when you tell us
That *Stella* loves to talk with Fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A Truth, for which your Soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the Day,
When *Stella's* Locks must all be grey,
When Age must print a furrow'd Trace
On ev'ry Feature of her Face ;
Tho' You, and all your senseless Tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at Fifteen ;

Na

No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
 The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind;
 All Men of Sense will pass your Door,
 And crowd to *Stella's* at Four-score.

*Stella's Birth-Day. A great Bottle
 of Wine, long buried, being that
 Day dug up. 1722.*

RESOLV'D my annual Verse to pay,
 By Duty bound, on *Stella's* Day;
 Furnish'd with Paper, Pens, and Ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:
 I bit my Nails, and scratch'd my Head,
 But found my Wit and Fancy fled;
 Or, if with more than usual Pain
 A Thought came slowly from my Brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much Time
 To shape it into Sense and Rhyme;
 And, what was yet a greater Curse,
 Long-Thinking made my Fancy worse.
 Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at *Apollo's* Shrine;
 I told him, what the World would say,
 If *Stella* were unsung To-day;
 How I shou'd hide my Head for Shame,
 When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
 How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
 How *Sh-----* the Rogue would sneer,

And

And swear it does not always follow,
That *Semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assur'd them twenty Times,
That *Phæbus* help'd me in my Rhymes,
Phæbus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were Hand and Glove;
But finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic Licence;
And when I brag of Aid divine,
Think *Eusden's* Right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for *Stella's* Sake;
'Tis my own Credit lies at Stake:
And *Stella* will be sung, while I
Can only be a Stander-by.

Apollo having thought a little,
Return'd this Answer to a Tittle.

Tho' you should live like old *Methusalem*,
I furnish Hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her Virtues half untold.
But to say Truth, such Dulness reigns
Thro' the whole Set of *I---rish D---ns*;
I'm daily stunn'd with such a Medley,
D---n W---, *D---n D---l*, and *D---n S---*;
That let what *D---n* soever come,
My Orders are, I'm not at Home;
And, if your Voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the Crowd.

But now your Danger to prevent,
You must apply to * *Mrs. Brent*;

* *The House-keeper.*

For

For she, as Priestess, knows the Rites,
 Wherein the God of *Earth* delights.
 First, nine Ways looking, let her stand
 With an old Poker in her Hand ;
 Let her describe a Circle round
 In * *Saunder's* Cellar on the Ground ;
 A Spade let prudent † *Archy* hold,
 And with Discretion dig the Mould ;
 Let *Stella* look with watchful Eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and *Grattons* by.

Behold the BOTTLE, where it lies
 With Neck elated tow'rd the Skies !
 The God of Winds, and God of Fire,
 Did to its wond'rous Birth conspire ;
 And *Bacchus* for the Poet's Use
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring Juice :
 See ! as you raise it from its Tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious Womb,
 And in the spacious Womb contains
 A sov'reign Med'cine for the Brains.

You'll find it soon, if Fate consents ;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. *Brents*,
 Ten thousand *Archy's* arm'd with Spades,
 May dig in vain to *Pluto's* Shades.

From thence a plenteous Draught infuse,
 And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
 (But first let *Robert* on his Knees
 With Caution drain it from the Lees)
 The Muse will at your Call appear
 With *Stella's* Praise to crown the Year.

* *The Butler.* † *The Footman.*

Stella's Birth-Day. 1724.

AS when a beauteous Nymph decays,
 We say she's past her Dancing Days ;
 So Poets lose their Feet by Time,
 And can no longer dance in Rhyme.
 Your annual Bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your Birth in Prose :
 Yet merry Folks who want by Chance
 A Pair to make a Country Dance,
 Call the old House-keeper, and get her
 To fill a Place, for want of better :
 While S-----n is off the Hooks,
 And Friend D-----y at his Books,
 That *Stella* may avoid Disgrace,
 Once more the D--n supplies their Place.
 Beauty and Wit, too sad a Truth,
 Have always been confin'd to Youth ;
 The God of Wit, and Beauty's Queen,
 He Twenty-one, and she Fifteen :
 No Poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were like *Phæbus*, young ;
 Nor ever Nymph inspir'd to Rhyme,
 Unless like *Venus* in her Prime.
 At Fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a Poet fit for you ?
 Or at the Age of Forty-three,
 Are you a Subject fit for me ?
 Adieu bright Wit, and radiant Eyes ;
 You must be grave, and I be wise.

M

Our

Our Fate in vain we would oppose ;
 But I'll be still your Friend in Prose ;
 Esteem and Friendship to express,
 Will not require Poetick Dress ;
 And if the Muse deny her Aid
 'To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, *Stella* say, what evil Tongue
 Reports you are no longer young ?
 That *Time* sits with his Scythe to mow
 Where erst sat *Cupid* with his Bow ?
 That half your Locks are turn'd to Grey ?
 I'll ne'er believe a Word they say.
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My Eyes are somewhat diminish grown ;
 For Nature, always in the Right,
 To your Décays adapts my Sight,
 And Wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a Glass ;
 And till I see them with these Eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lyes.

No length of Time can make you quit
 Honour and Virtue, Sense and Wit.
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better *bear* than *see* :
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her Spight,
 To make me deaf, and mend my *Sight* !

Stella's

Stella's *Birth-Day*, March 13,
1726.

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with Joy by me ;
This Day then, let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching Ills,
And talk of Spectacles and Pills ;
To-morrow will be Time enough
To hear such mortifying Stuff.
Yet, since from Reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing Thought,
Which can, in spite of all Decays,
Support a few remaining Days :
From not the gravest of Divines
Accept for once some serious Lines.

Altho' we now can form no more
Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore ;
Yet You, while Time is running fast,
Can look with Joy on what is past.

Were future Happiness and Pain
A mere Contrivance of the Brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice,
And fit their Proselytes for Vice ;
(The only Comfort they propose,
To have Companions in their Woes.)
Grant this the Case, yet sure 'tis hard
That Virtue, stil'd its own Reward,

M 2

And

And by all Sages understood
 'To be the chief of human Good,
 Shou'd acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting Pleasure in the Mind,
 Which by Remembrance will assuage
 Grief, Sickness, Poverty, and Age;
 And strongly shoot a radiant Dart
 To shine thro' Life's declining Part.

Say, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
 Reflecting on a Life well spent :
 Your skilful Hand employ'd to save
 Despairing Wretches from the Grave ;
 And then supporting with your Store
 Those, whom you dragg'd from Death before ;
 So Providence on Mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates :
 Your gen'rous Boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent Friend ;
 That Courage, which can make you just
 To Merit humbled in the Dust ;
 The Detestation you express
 For Vice in all its glitt'ring Dress :
 That Patience under tort'ring Pain,
 Where stubborn Stoicks wou'd complain.

Must these like empty Shadows pass,
 Or Forms reflected from a Glass ?
 Or mere Chimæra's in the Mind,
 That fly, and leave no Marks behind ?
 Does not the Body thrive and grow
 By Food of twenty Years ago ?
 And, had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand Times have dy'd :

Then,

Then, who with Reason can maintain
That no Effects of Food remain ?
And, is not Virtue in Mankind
The Nutriment, that feeds the Mind ?
Upheld by each good Action past,
And still continu'd by the last :
Then who with Reason can pretend,
That all Effects of Virtue end ?

Believe me, *Stella*, when you show
That true Contempt for Things below,
Nor prize your Life for other Ends
Than merely to oblige your Friends ;
Your former Actions claim their Part,
And join to fortify your Heart.
For Virtue in her daily Race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double Face ;
Looks back with Joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with Courage on :
She at your sickly Couch will wait,
And guide you to a better State.

O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take Pity on your pitying Friends ;
Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
To fancy they can be unkind ;
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly wou'd your Sufferings share ;
Or give my Scrap of Life to You,
And think it far beneath your Due ;
You to whose Care so oft I owe,
That I'm alive to tell you so.

* *To Mrs. M. B. sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.*

OH ! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend !

Not with those Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire ;
Not as the World its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old Age of Cards ;
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End ;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend ;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot ;
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Let Joy, or Ease, let Affluence, or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a Life well spent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and smile upon thy Face !
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear ;
Till Death unfelt that tender Frame destroy
In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy :
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come !

* Song.

* Song. *By a Person of Quality.*

I SAID to my Heart, between Sleeping and
 Waking,
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping
 or aking,
 What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime,
 in what Nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a Pit---a---pata-
 tion ?

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober
 Reply :
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Cælia* pass
 by !
 Not the Beauty she has, or the Wit that she
 borrows,
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any
 Sorrows.

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit so
 refin'd,
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of Man-
 kind ;
 Whatever she says, is with Spirit and Fire ;
 Ev'ry Word I attend : but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
 Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man in her Aim :
 'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her
 Eyes ;
 Those Stars of this World are too good for the
 Skies.

But

But *Cloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care!
 When She comes in my way, the Motion, the
 Pain,
 The Leapings, the Akings, return all again.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
 Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of
 Season!

When so easy to guess who this Angel should
 be,
 Would one think Mrs. *H----* ne'er dreamt
 it was She?

* B A L L A D.

O F all the Girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming Face, and Shape, and
 Mien,

And what's not fit to tell ye.
 Oh! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin,
 Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a Swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er past by *Calai*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her Cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance
 Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens.

The

The King, as he at Dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *Huffar*,
 And bid him bring his Tabby-Cat,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd
 To see her so respected :
 The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
 And Puss her Tail erected.
 But not a Man did Look employ,
 Except on pretty *Nelly* ;
 Then said the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ab ! qu'elle est bien jolie !

But who's that grave Philosopher,
 That carefully looks a'ter ?
 By his Concern it shou'd appear,
 The Fair one is his Daughter.
May soy ! quoth then a Courtier sly,
 He on his Child does lear too :
 I wish he has no Mind to try,
 What some Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord
 Broke out in *Nelly's* Praises,
 Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *Termes Francoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted Ring
 Of Dames, that stood by *Nelly* ;
 She like the Pride of all the Spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli's* Gardens and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,
 Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to View,
 Stand naked in each *Alley*:
 But *Venus* had a brazen Face
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*;
 Or else she had resign'd her Place,
 And left the Stone she stood on.

Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
 Lord! how those Foreigners would stare;
 But I should turn *Pygmalion*:
 For Spite of Lips, and Eyes and Mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that Part, that lies between
 Her Left Toe, and her Right Toe.

* Ode, for Musick. On the
 Longitude.

R E C I T A T I V O.

THE Longitude mist on
 By wicked *Will. Whiston*;
 And not better hit on
 By good Master *Ditton*.

R I T O R.

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiston*
 May both be bep-ft on;
 And *Whiston* and *Ditton*
 May both be besh-t on.

Sing *Ditton*,
 Besh-t on;
 And *Whiston*,
 Bep-ft on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiston*,
 And *Whiston* and *Ditton*,
 Besh-t and bep-ft on,
 Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* Epigram on the Feuds about
Handel and Bononcini.

STRANGE! all this Difference should be
 Twixt *Tweedle-Dum*, and *Tweedle-Dee*!

* On Mrs. T----s.

SO bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy
 Song,
 As had drawn both the Beasts and their
Orpheus along:

But

But such is thy Av'rice, and such is thy Pride,
That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the
Poet have dy'd.

* *Two or Three ; or a Receipt to
make a Cuckold.*

TWO or three Visits, and two or three
Bows,
Two or three civil Things, two or
three Vows,
Two or three Kisses, with two or three Sighs,
Two or three *Jesus's* and *Let-me-die's*,
Two or three Squeezes, and two or three
Towzes,
(With two or three thousand Pound lost at
their Houses)
Can never fail Cuckolding two or three
Spoufes.

* *On a Lady who P-ft at the Tra-
gedy of Cato ; occasioned by an
Epigram on a Lady who wept
at it.*

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their
Cato's Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the *Tory Celia* fate ;
But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow,
The gushing Waters find a Vent below ;
Tho'

Tho' secret, yet with copious Grief she mourns,
 Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
 Let others screw their Hypocritick Face,
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place;
 There Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art,
 For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

* Epigram, in a Maid of Honour's
 Prayer-Book.

WHEN Israel's Daughters mourn'd
 their past Offences,
 They dealt in Sackcloth, and turn'd
 Cynder-Wenches;
 But Richmond's Fair-ones never spoil their
 Locks;
 They use white Powder, and wear Holland
 Smocks.
 O comely Church! where Females find *clean*
Linnen
 As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

N

Epigram.

Epigram.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his
 Wife,
 He took to the Street, and fled for his
 Life ;
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the
 Squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the Shrew and
 the Rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober Ad-
 vice ---
 But, *Tom* is a Person of Honour so nice,
 Too wise to take Council, too proud to take
 Warning,
 That he sent to all three a Challenge next
 Morning :
 Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his
 Life ;
 Went Home, and was cudgell'd again by his
 Wife.

* *The Balance of Europe.*

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side
 prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the
 Scales.

* *A Pane-*

138 *Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow.*

When not a Guinea chink'd on * *Martin's*
Boards,

And * *Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his
Hoards,

Thou stood'st: (an *Indian King* in Size and
Hue)

Thy unexhausted Shop was our *Peru*!

Why did *'Change-Alley* waste thy precious
Hours

Among the Fools, who gap'd for Golden
Show'rs?

No Wonder if we find some Poets there,

Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;

No Wonder, *they* were caught by *South-Sea*
Schemes,

Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;

No Wonder, *they* their Third Subscriptions
fold

For Millions of imaginary Gold;

No Wonder, that *their* Fancies wild can
frame

Strange Reasons, that a Thing is still the
same,

Though chang'd throughout in Substance
and in Name.

But *You*, whose Judgment scorns Poetick
Flights,

With Contracts furnish Boys for Paper Kites.

Let Vulture *H---ns* stretch his rusty Throat,
Who ruins Thousands for a single Great.

** *Names of eminent Goldsmiths.*

I know

I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid
Mind ;

Nor with Ideal Debts would'st plague Man-
kind.

Madmen alone their empty Dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting Vision true;

They sell the Treasures, which their Slum-
bers get ;

Then wake, and fancy all the World in Debt.
If to instruct thee all my Reasons fail,

Yet be diverted by this Moral Tale.

Thro' fam'd *Moor-Fields* extends a spacious
Seat,

Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat ;

Where wrap'd in Contemplation, and in
Straw,

The wiser Few from the mad World with-
draw.

There in full Opulence a *Banker* dwelt,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt ;

His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate ;
And his proud Fancy held a vast Estate.

As on a Time he past the vacant Hours
In raising Piles of Straw, and twisted Bowers ;
A *Poet* enter'd of the neighbouring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye observ'd the Structure
well :

A sharpen'd Skew'r cross his bare Shoulders
bound

A tatter'd Rug, which dragg'd upon the
Ground.

The Banker cry'd, " Behold my Castle
 Walls,
 " My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Ca-
 nals ;
 " With Land of twenty Acres round !
 " All these I sell thee for ten thousand Pound.
 The Bard with Wonder the cheap purchase
 saw ;
 So sign'd the Contract, as ordains the Law.
 The Banker's Brain was cool'd ; the Mist
 grew clear ;
 The visionary Scene was lost in Air.
 He now the vanish'd Prospect understood ;
 And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good :
 Yet loth the Sum intire should be destroy'd ;
 " Give me a Penny, and thy Contract's void.
 The startled Bard with Eye indignant
 frown'd.
 " Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts
 compound !
 So saying, from his Rug the Skew'r he takes,
 And on the Stick ten equal Notches makes :
 With just Resentment flings it on the Ground ;
 " There, take my Tally of ten thousand
 Pound.

The South-Sea. 1721.

YE wise Philosophers explain,
 What Magick makes our Money rise,
 When dropt into the *Southern Main* :
 Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes ?

[Put

Put in your Money fairly told ;
 Preslo be gone---'Tis here agen ;
Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry Piece as big as ten.

Thus in a Bason drop a Shilling,
 Then fill the Vessel to the Brim ;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous Metal seems to swim ;

It rises both in Bulk and Height ;
 Behold it swelling like a Sop !
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight ;
 Behold it mounted to the Top !

In Stock three hundred thousand Pound ;
 I have in View a Lord's Estate ;
My Manors all contiguous round ;
 A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate.

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves ;
 Puts all upon a desperate Bett ;
Then plunges in the *Southern* Waves,
 Dipt over Head and Ears---in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,
 The Mariner with Rapture sees
On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed
 Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees :

With eager Haste he longs to rove
 In that Fantastick Scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted Grove ;
 And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Two hundred Chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring Waves ;
The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke ;
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *Directors* led
They with their *Spoils* went safe before ;
His Chariots, tumbling out the Dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on *Hope's* aspiring Plumes,
The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep
An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,
And scorns the middle Way to keep :

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
With *Wax* the *Father* bound them fast ;
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent* ;
He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame ;
His Credit sunk, his Money spent ;
In Southern Seas he leaves his Name.

Inform us, You that best can tell,
Why in your dang'rous Gulph profound,
Where Hundreds, and where Thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd ?

So have I seen, from *Severn's* Brink
A Flock of *Geese* jump down together ;
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,
And swimming never wet a Feather.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money stor'd ;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As Fishes on each other prey,
The Great ones swallowing up the Small ;
So fares it in the *Southern-Sea* ;
The Whale *Directors* eat up all.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their Offers ;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night
An *Afs* was drinking at a Stream,
A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light
By intercepting ev'ry Beam :

“ The Day of Judgment will be soon,
Cries out a Sage among the Crowd ;
“ An *Afs* hath swallow'd up the Moon,
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;
Directors fall as well as they ;
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise :

So Fishes rising from the Main
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high ;
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female Troops
Come here their Losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the Waves in spacious Hopes,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve:

Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue
By Magick Vertue in the Spring,
And seems a Guinea to your View;

But as a Guinea will not pass
At Market for a Farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,
Than what it always did before;

So cast it in the *Southern-Seas*,
And view it thro' a *Jobber's* Bill;
Put on what Spectacles you please,
Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook
Thus from a Hillock looking down,
The *Golden* Stars for Guineas took,
And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown.

The Point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into a Flood;
There sprawl'd a While, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it ;
But Gold upon this Ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph, where Thousands fell ;
Here all the bold Adventurers came ;
A narrow Sound, tho' deep as Hell ;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful Name.

Nine Times a Day it ebbs and flows ;
Yet he that on the Surface lies
Without a Pilot seldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

* Now bury'd in the Depth below,
Now mounted up to Heav'n agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their Wits End, like drunken Men.

Mean Time secure on † Garr-way Cliffs
A Savage Race, by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
And strip the Bodies of the Dead.

While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build them in the Seas ;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there ;
For Fools will see as wise Men please.

* Psalm cvii. † Coffee-House in 'Change-Alley.

Thus

Thus oft by Mariners are shewn
 (Unless the Men of *Kent* are Liars,)
 Earl *Godwin's* Castles overflown,
 And Palace-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep ;
 Nor to the Shore approach too nigh ;
 The Monsters nestle in the Deep
 To seize you in your passing by.

Then like the Dogs of *Nile* be wise,
 Who taught by Instinct how to shun
 The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could by Magick Charms
 Recover Strength, whene'er he fell ;
Alcides held him in his Arms,
 And sent him up in Air to Hell.

Directors thrown into the Sea
 Recover Strength and Vigour there ;
 But may be tam'd another Way,
 Suspended for a While in Air.

Oh ! may some *Western* Tempest sweep
 These *Locusts* whom our Fruits have fed,
 That Plague *Directors*, to the Deep,
 Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the Red !

May He, whom Nature's Laws obey,
 Who lifts the Poor, and sinks the Proud,
 Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
 And Still the Madness of the Crowd !

But

But never shall our Isle have Rest,
Till these devouring Swine run down,
(*The Devils leaving the Possess,*)
And headlong in the Waters drown.

The Nation then too late will find,
Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
Directors Promises but Wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty Bubble.

*Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulaeque, & Troia gaza
per undas.* Virg.

* *A Ballad on Quadrille.*

I.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the Nation free;
When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
Without a Place or Fee;
Then *Satan*, thinking Things went ill,
Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, Queens, and Knaves made up his
Pack;
And four fair Suits he wore;
His Troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;

O

And

And ev'ry House, go where you will,
Is haunted by the Imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry Thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name;
And Statesmen like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game;
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid's Books* enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The Commoner, and Knight, the Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And well that Duty they fulfil,
When the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
In comes the *Apothecary*;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The Patient dies without a Pill;
For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII. Should

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder ;
Britain to curb her Neighbours proud,
Wou'd want both Ball and Powder ;
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill ;
For why, the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath)
And made of many a Squire and Lord
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath* ;
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill ?
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes ;
'Twas call'd in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*
The *Quadruple Allies* ;
But Somebody took Something ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble Realm,
And God save eke *Hanover* ;
And God save those, who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over ;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

* Molly Mogg: Or, the Fair
Maid of the Inn.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover,
What hath been the Cause of your Woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a
Lover?

I have seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose*.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

I know, that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women at best are a Clog:
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The School-Boy's Desire is a Play-Day,
The School-Master's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-Maid's Delight is on *May-Day*;
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will-a-wisp leads the Traveller a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can set me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The

The Heart, when half wounded, is changing ;
 It here and there leaps like a Frog ;
 But my Heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog ;
 All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog :
 And nothing can give Satisfaction,
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog,
 And I fill all the Paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a Log ;
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas's* Merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Neg*,
 Have Hearts not more true or more loyal,
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

152 *A Song of SIMILIES.*

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phyllis*,
 And writing another *Eclogue* ;
 Both his *Phyllis* and fair *Amiaryllis*
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mogg*.

When she smiles on each Guest, like her Li-
 Then Jealousy sets me agog ; [quods,
 To be sure she's a Bit for the *Vicar*,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mogg*.

* *A new Song of new Similies:*

MY Passion is as Mustard strong ;
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or like a *March Hare* mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow ;
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;
 For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
 If *Molly* were but kind ;
 Cool as a Cucumber could see
 The rest of Womankind.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
 Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And soft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown ;
But as a Groat now thin !

I, melancholy as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a Top can sleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone ;
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as Bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is busy as a Bee ;
Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me, as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a Door-Nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My Heart wou'd be scot-free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter ;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As

As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As smooth as Glas, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites ;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words ;
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
Clean as a Penny drest ;
Sweet as a Rose her Breath and Lips,
Round as the Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King ;
Good Lord ! how all Men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any Thing.

But false as Hell, She like the Wind
Chang'd, as her Sex must do ;
Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and *Molly* cou'd agree,
Let who wou'd take *Peru* !
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Post ;
Let us like Burs together stick,
And warm as any Toast.

You'll

You'll know me truer than a Dye,
 And with me better sped ;
 Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
 And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.

* Newgate's GARLAND: *Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold Highwayman, as he stood at his Trial in the Old Baily, 1725.*

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

I.

YE Gallants of *Newgate*, whose Fingers
 are nice
 In diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice ;
 Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose ;
 Ye honest poor Rogues, who die in your
 Shoes ;

Attend

Attend and draw near,
 Good News ye shall hear,
 How *Jonathan's* Throat was cut from Ear
 to Ear.
 How *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at
 Ease,
 And every Man round me may rob, if he
 please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blue-skin* was led,
 He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read,
 Loud rattl'd his Chains, near him *Jonathan*
 stood ;
 For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his
 Blood.
 Then hopeless of Life,
 He drew his Penknife,
 And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife.
 But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall ap-
 pease ;
 And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say, there are Courtiers of highest Re-
 nown,
 Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but
 a *Crown* ;
 Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament
 Men,
 Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen :
 Let

Let them all take their Swing
 To pillage the King,
 And get a Blue Ribbon instead of a String.
 Now *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at
 Ease,
 And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning
 Inventions,
 Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies
 Pensions ;
 Physicians and Lawyers (who take their De-
 grees,
 To be Learned Rogues call'd their Pilfering
 Fees ;
 Since this happy Day,
 Now ev'ry Man may
 Rob (as safe as in Office) upon the High-
 way.
 For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at
 Ease,
 And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Ex-
 cise,
 But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
 Church-Wardens, too prudent to hazard the
 Halter,
 As yet only venture to steal from the Altar :
 But

But now to get Gold
 They may be more bold,
 And rob on the Highway, since *Jonathan's*
 cold.
 For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at
 Ease,
 And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

VI.

Some by publick Revenues, which pass'd thro'
 their Hands,
 Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dir-
 ty Lands.
 Some to steal from a Charity think it no Sin,
 Which at Home (says the Proverb) does al-
 ways begin ;
 But, if ever you be
 Assign'd a Trustee,
 Treat not Orphans like Masters of the Chan-
 cery,
 But take the Highway, and more honestly
 seize ;
 For ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a Pother has here been with *Wood* and
 his Brass,
 Who would modestly make a few Half-pennies
 pass !
 The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,
 For *Diomed* changed his Copper for Gold :

But,

But, if *Ireland* despise
The new Half-pennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road I advise.

For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set thee at
Ease ;

And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

Prometheus. *On Wood the Patentee's Irish Half-Pence.*

WHEN first the 'Squire and Tinker,
Wood,

Gravely consulting *Ireland's* Good,
Together mingled in a Mass
Smith's Dust, and Copper, Lead, and Brass ;
The Mixture thus by Chymick Art
United close in every Part,
In Fillets roll'd, or cut in Pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd Species ;
And by the forming Engine struck,
On all the same Impression stuck.

So to confound this *hated Coin*,
All Parties and Religions join ;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal Int'rest, equal Spight ;

P

Together

Together mingled in a Lump,
Do all in *One Opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same Impression on his Mind.

A STRANGE Event ! whom *Gold* incites
To Blood and Quarrels, *Brass* unites ;
So Goldsmiths say, the coarsest Stuff
Will serve for *Sodder* well enough :
So, by the *Kettle's* loud Alarm
The *Bees* are gather'd to a *Swarm* :
So, by the *brazen* Trumpet's Bluster
Troops of all Tongues and Nations muster:
And so the *Harp* of *Ireland* brings
Whole Crowds about its *brazen* Strings.

II.

There is a Chain let down from *Jove*,
But fasten'd to his Throne above ;
So strong, that from the lower End,
They say, all human Things depend ;
This Chain, as ancient Poets hold,
When *Jove* was young, was made of *Gold* ;
Prometheus once this Chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into *Money* coin'd ;
Then whips me on a Chain of *Brass*,
(*Venus* was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now while this brazen Chain prevail'd,
Jove saw, that all Devotion fail'd ;
No Temple to his Godship rais'd ;
No Sacrifice on Altars blaz'd ;
In short, such dire Confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in Chaos swallow'd :

Jove

Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
 With much ado the Cheat he found ;
 'Twas plain he cou'd no longer hold
 The World in any Chain but Gold ;
 And to the God of Wealth, his Brother,
 Sent *Mercury* to get another.

III.

Prometheus on a Rock is laid,
 Ty'd with the Chain himself had made,
 On Icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
 While Vultures eat his growing Liver.

Ye Pow'rs of *Grubstreet* make me able
 Discreetly to apply this Fable.
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old Thief *Prometheus* : WOOD.
 For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him ;
 I mean his M——, *God bleſs him*.
 This Thief and Blacksmith was ſo bold,
 He ſtrove to ſteal that Chain of Gold,
 Which links the Subject to the King,
 And change it for a brazen String.
 But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
 Between the King and us, but Braſs,
 Altho' the Chain will never crack,
 Yet our Devotion may grow ſlack.

But *Jove* will ſoon convert, I hope,
 This brazen Chain into a Rope ;
 With which *Prometheus* ſhall be ty'd,
 And high in Air for ever ride ;
 Where if we find his Liver grows,
 For want of Vultures we have Crows.

* *Strephon and Flavia.*

WITH ev'ry Lady in the Land
 Soft *Strephon* kept a Pother,
 One Year he languish'd for one Hand,
 And next Year for the other.
 Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
 To *Flavia* fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle Boy.
 Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain :
 She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
 With all the Marks of high Disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.
 The Swain persisted still to pray,
 The Nymph still to deny ;
 At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
 He swore she shou'd not fly.
 Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
 And rush'd from out the Room,
 Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
 And lay with *Ralph* at Home.

CORINNA.

THIS Day, the Year I dare not tell,
Apollo play'd the Midwife's Part ;
 Into the World *Corinna* fell,
 And he endow'd her with his Art.

But

But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes ;
 Both softly to the Cradle creep ;
 Both stroke her Hands, and rub her Gums,
 While the poor Child lay fast asleep.
 Then *Cupid* thus ; This little Maid
 Of Love shall always speak and write.
 And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)
 The World shall feel her scratch and bite.
 Her Talent she display'd betimes ;
 For in twice twelve revolving Moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squawl in Rhimes,
 And all her Gestures were Lampoons.
 At six Years old the subtle Jade
 Stole to the Pantry-Door, and found
 The Butler with my Lady's Maid ;
 And you may swear the Tale went round.
 She made a Song, how little Miss
 Was kiss'd and flobber'd by a Lad ;
 And how, when Master went to p---,
 Miss came and peep'd at all he had.
 At Twelve a Wit and a Coquette,
 Marries for Love, half Whore, half Wife ;
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in Debt ;
 Turns Auth'res, and is *Curll's* for Life.
 Her Common-Place-Book all gallant is,
 Of Scandal now a *Cornucopia* ;
 She pours it out in an *Atalantis*,
 Or Memoirs of the *New Utopia*.

* *The Quidnuncki's : A Tale occasioned by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.*

HOW vain are Mortal Man's Endeavours !
(Said, at * Dame Elleot's, Master Tr---s)

Good *Orleans* dead ! in Truth 'tis hard :
Oh ! may all Statesmen die prepar'd !
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any Man in Being)
The Army ne'er can be disbanded.
---I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah Friends ! great Changes threat the Land !
All *France* and *England* at a Stand !
There's *Meroweis*--- mark ! strange Work !
And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk*---
The *Pope*---An *India*-Merchant by,
Cut short the Speech with this Reply :
All at a Stand ? You see great Changes ?
Ah, Sir ! you never saw the *Ganges*,
There dwell the Nations of *Quidnuncki's* ;
(So *Monomotapa* calls *Monkies*)
On either Bank, from Bough to Bough,
They meet and chat, as we may now ;

* *Coffee-House near St. James's.*

Whispers

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
And, just as Chance, or Whim provoke them,
They either bite their Friends, or stroke them.

There have I seen some active Prig,
To shew his Parts, bestride a Twig:
Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire,
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous Thing
(For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
From Side to Side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his Foes and Friends by Turns.
Thus, as in giddy Freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces!
Down the swift Stream the Wretch is born,
Never, ah never to return!

Z-----ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother!

Morblue! cries one, and *Damme*, t'other.
The Nation gives a gen'ral Screech;
None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
Each trembles for the publick Weal,
And for a While forgets to steal.

A While, all Eyes intent and stiddy
Pursue him, whirling down the Eddy.
But, out of Mind, when out of View,
Some other mounts the Twig a-new;
And Bus'ness, on each Monkey Shore,
Runs the same Track it went before.

* *Ay and No: A Fable.*

IN Fable all Things hold Discourse ;
Then *Words*, no doubt, must talk of Course.

Once on a Time, near *Channel-Row*,
Two hostile Adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Were hast'ning to the Field of Fight,
And Front to Front stood opposite.
Before each Gen'ral join'd the Van,
Ay, the more courteous Knight, began.

Stop, peevish Particle ! beware !
I'm told you are not such a Bear,
But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.

Suffer yon' Folks a While to tattle ;
'Tis *We* who must decide the Battle.

Whene'er we war on yonder Stage
With various Fate, and equal Rage,

The Nation trembles at each Blow,
That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No* ?

Yet in expensive long Contention
We gain no Office, Grant, or Pension.
Why then should *Kinsfolks* quarrel thus ?
(For *Two* of *You* make *One* of *Us*.)

To some wise Statesman let us go,
Where each his *proper Use* may know.

He may admit two such Commanders,
And make those wait, who serv'd in *Flanders*,

Let's quarter on a Great Man's Tongue,
A Treasury Lord, not Master ?---g.

Obsequious at his high Command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the Land.

Impeach-

Impeachments *No* can best resist,
And *Ay* support the Civil List :
Ay ! quick as *Cæsar* wins the Day ;
And *No*, like *Fabius*, by Delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly Disguise,
Let *Ay*'s seem *No*'s, and *No*'s seem *I*'s ;
Ay's be in Courts Denials meant,
And *No*'s in Bishops give Consent.

Thus, *Ay* propos'd---And, for Reply,
No, for the first Time, answer'd *I*.
They parted with a thousand Kisses,
And fight e'er since, for *Pay*, like *Swisses*.

Phyllis : Or, the Progress of Love.

DEsponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
With ev'ry Talent of a Prude :
She trembled when a Man drew near ;
Salute her, and she turn'd her Ear ;
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your Waist :
She'd rather take you to her Bed,
Than let you see her dress her Head :
In Church you hear her, thro' the Crowd,
Repeat the *Absolution* loud ;
In Church, secure behind her Fan,
She durst behold that Monster, *Man* :
There practis'd how to place her Head,
And bit her Lips to make them red ;

Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
 And heave her Bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.
 At length, a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame.
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke;
 Guess, how could such a Match be broke?
 See then, what Mortals place their Bliss in!
 Next Morn' betimes the Bride was missing.
 The Mother scream'd, the Father chid;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid?
 No News of *Phyl*! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had sculk'd for Shame
 Because her Father us'd to say,
 The Girl *had such a bashful Way*.

Now *John* the Butler must be sent
 To learn the Road, that *Phyllis* went.
 The Groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
 For *John* must neither light, nor stop,
 But find her wheresoever she fled,
 And bring her back Alive or Dead.

See here again the Devil to do;
 For, truly, *John* was missing too;
 The Horse and Pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

Old Madam, who went up to find
 What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
 A Letter on the Toilet sees,
 To my much Honour'd Father—These.

(Tis

(Tis always done, Romances tell us,
 When Daughters run away with Fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
 By others us'd in the like Cases !
 " That long ago a *Fortune-Teller*
 " Exactly said, what now befel her ;
 " And in a *Glass* had made her see
 " A *Serving-Man of low Degree* :
 " It was *her Fate*, must be forgiven ;
 " For *Marriages were made in Heaven* :
 " His Pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
 " She'd *do't if 'twere to do again* ;
 " Thank'd God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin*,
 " For *John* was come of *honest Kin*,
 " Love never thinks of Rich and Poor ;
 " She'd *beg with John from Door to Door*.
 " Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
 " She'll never do't *another Time*.
 " She ne'er before in all her Life
 " Once disobey'd him, *Maid nor Wife*.
 " One Argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The *Thing was done, and past recalling* ;
 " And therefore hop'd, she should recover
 " His Favour, when his *Passion's over* !
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was---his *most Obedient Daughter*.

Fair Maidens all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short ;
 The loving Couple well bemi'd ;
 The Horse and both the Riders tir'd ;

Their

Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worse ;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse ;
Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a Limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him ;
John wish'd, that he had broke a Leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what Adventures more beset 'em,
 The Muse hath now no Time to tell 'em ;
 How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd :
 How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
 In Kindness to maintain her Spouse ;
 Till Swains unwholsome spoil'd the Trade,
 For now the Surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those Perquisites are gone,
 In Christian Justice due to *John*.

When Food and Raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a Period to the Farce,
 And with exact Poetic Justice ;
 For *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess :
 They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
 Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

The Progress of Poetry.

THE Farmer's Goose, who in the Stub-
 ble
 Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble,
 Grown fat with Corn and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill :

And

And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her Belly in the neighb'ring Pool :
Nor loudly cackles at the Door ;
For Cackling shews the Goose is poor.

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare,
Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare :
Her Body light, she tries her Wings,
And scorns the Ground, and upward springs ;
While all the Parish, as she flies,
Hear Sounds harmonious from the Skies.

Such is the Poet, fresh in Pay ;
(The third Night's Profits of his Play)
His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill
Among his Brethren of the Quill ;
With good Roast Beef his Belly full,
Grown, lazy, foggy, fat, and dull.
Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
What Poet e'er could take his Flight ?
Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat,
What Poet e'er could sing a Note ;
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
Along the high celestial Road ;
The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth
To raise the Lumber from the Earth.

But, view him in another Scene ;
When all his Drink is *Hippocrene*,
His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
His Credit out for Cheese and Ale ;
His Two Years Coat so smooth and bare
Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air ;

Q.

With

With hungry Meals his Body pin'd ;
 His Guts and Belly full of Wind ;
 And like a Jockey for a Race,
 His Flesh brought down to Flying-Cafe :
 Now his exalted Spirit loaths
 Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths :
 And up he rises, like a Vapour,
 Supported high on Wings of Paper ;
 He singing flies, and flying sings,
 While from below all *Grubstreet* rings.

The Progress of Beauty.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her Bed,
 Vapours and Steams her Looks dis-
 grace ;

A frowzy dirty-colour'd Red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled Face :

But by Degrees, when mounted high
 Her artificial Face appears
 Down from her Window in the Sky,
 Her Spots are gone, her Visage clears.

'Twixt earthly Females and the Moon
 All Parallels exactly run :
 If *Celia* should appear too soon,
 Alas, the Nymph would be undone !

To see her from her Pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy Steam,
Crack'd Lips, foul Teeth, and gummy Eyes,
Poor *Strephon*, how wou'd he blaspheme!

Three Colours, Black, and Red and White,
So graceful in their proper Place,
Remove them to a diff'rent Light,
They form a frightful hideous Face:

For Instance, when the Lilly skips
Into the Precincts of the Rose,
And takes Possession of the Lips,
Leaving the Purple to the Nose.

So *Celia* went entire to Bed,
All her Complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, White, Black, and Red,
Tho' still in Sight, had chang'd their
Ground.

The Black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior Station seeks,
Leaving the fiery Red behind,
And mingles in her muddy Cheeks.

But *Celia* can with Ease reduce,
By Help of Pencil, Paint, and Brush,
Each Colour to its Place and Use,
And teach her Cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more;
But, fill'd with Admiration, stands;
As other Painters oft adore
The Workmanship of their own Hands.

Q²

Thus,

Thus, after four important Hours,
Celia's the Wonder of her Sex :
 Say, which among the Heav'nly Pow'rs
 Could cause such marvellous Effects ?

Venus, indulgent to her Kind,
 Gave Women all their Hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them, where to find
 White Lead and * *Lusitanian* Dish.

Love with White Lead cements his Wings ;
 White Lead was sent us to repair
 Two brightest, brittlest, earthly Things,
 A Lady's Face, and *China* Ware.

She ventures now to lift the Sash ;
 The Window is her proper Sphere ;
 Ah lovely Nymph ! be not too rash ;
 Nor let the Beaux approach too near ;

Take Pattern by your *Sister* Star,
 Delude at once, and bless our Sight ;
 When you are seen, be seen from far ;
 And chiefly chuse to shine by Night.

But Art no longer can prevail,
 When the Materials all are gone ;
 The best Mechanick Hand must fail,
 Where nothing's left to work upon.

* Portugal.

Matter,

Matter, as wise Logicians say,
Cannot without a *Form* subsist;
And *Form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *Matter* brings no Gift.

And this is fair *Diana's* Case;
For all Astrologers maintain,
Each Night a Bit drops off her Face,
When Mortals say she's in her Wane;

While *Partridge* wisely shews the Cause
Efficient of the Moon's Decay,
That *Cancer*, with his pois'nous Claws,
Attacks her in the *Milky Way*:

But *Gadbury*, in Art profound,
From her pale Cheeks pretends to shew,
That Swain *Endymion* is not found,
Or else that *Mercury's* her Foe.

But let the Cause be what it will,
In half a Month she looks so thin,
That *Flamstead* can, with all his Skill,
See but her Forehead and her Chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet;
'Till Midnight never shews her Head:
So rotten *Celia* strols the Street,
When sober Folks are all a-bed:

For sure if this be *Luna's* Fate,
Poor *Celia*, but of mortal Race,
In vain expects a longer Date
To the Materials of her Face.

When *Mercury* her Tresses mows,
 To think of Black-Lead Combs is vain ;
 No Painting can restore a *Nose*,
 Nor will her *Teeth* return again.

Ye Pow'rs, who over Love preside,
 Since Mortal Beauties drop so soon,
 If you would have us well supply'd,
 Send us *New Nymphs* with each *New Moon*.

Pethox *the Great.*

FROM *Venus* born, thy Beauty shows ;
 But who thy Father, no Man knows.
 Nor can the skilful Herald trace
 The Founder of thy ancient Race ;
 Whether thy Temper, full of Fire,
 Discovers *Vulcan* for thy Sire,
 The God who made *Scamander* boil,
 And round the Margin sing'd his Soil ;
 From whence Philosophers agree,
 An equal Pow'r descends to thee.
 Whether from War's stern God you claim
 The high Descent, from whence you came,
 And, as a Proof, shew num'rous Scars
 By fierce Encounters made in Wars ;
 (Those honourable Wounds you bore
 From Head to Foot, and all before)

And

And still the bloody Field frequent,
Familiar in each Leader's Tent.
Or whether, as the Learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend ;
Or from *Parthenope* the proud,
Where, numberless, thy Vot'ries crowd.
Whether thy great Forefathers came
From Realms, that bear *Vesputio's* Name ;
For so Conjectors would obtrude,
And from thy painted Skin conclude.
Whether, as *Epicurus* shows,
The World from justling Seeds arose,
Which mingling with prolifick Strife
In Chaos, kindled into Life ;
So your Production was the same,
And from contending Atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent Mother crown'd
Thy Head with sparkling Rubies round ;
Beneath thy decent Steps, the Road
Is all with precious Jewels strow'd.
The * Bird of *Pallas* knows his Post,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the Clod,
Where once their *Sultan's* Horse hath trod,
Grows neither Grass, nor Shrub, nor Tree ;
The same thy Subjects boast of thee.

The greatest Lord, when you appear,
Will deign your Livery to wear,

* *Bubo, the Owl.*

In all the various Colours seen,
Of Red, and Yellow, Blue, and Green.

With half a Word, when you require,
The Man of Bus'ness must retire.

The haughty Minister of State
With Trembling must thy Leisure wait ;
And while his Fate is in thy Hands,
The Bus'ness of the Nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest Prince attack,
Can'st hourly set him on the Rack,
And, as an Instance of thy Pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden Tow'r,
With pungent Pains on ev'ry Side ;
So *Regulus* in Torments dy'd.

From thee our Youth all Virtues learn,
Dangers with Prudence to discern ;
And well thy Scholars are endu'd
With Temp'rance, and with Fortitude ;
With Patience, which all Ills supports,
And Secrecy, the Art of Courts.

The glitt'ring Beau could hardly tell,
Without your Aid, to read or spell ;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a Billet-doux.

With what Delight, methinks, I trace
Your Blood in ev'ry Noble Race !
In whom thy Features, Shape, and Mien,
Are to the Life distinctly seen.

The *Britons*, once a Savage Kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd ;
Descendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With Limbs robust, and Voice that stuns ;

But

But you have molded them a-fresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous Flesh,
Taught them to modulate their Tongues,
And speak without the help of Lungs.

Proteus on you bestow'd the Boon
To change your Visage like the Moon,
So sometimes half a Fate produce,
Keep t'other Half for private Use.

How fam'd thy Conduct in the Fight
With * *Hermes*, Son of *Pleias* bright.
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry Inch of Ground ;
Then, by a Soldierly Retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial Seat.
The Victor, when your Steps he trac'd,
Found all the Realms before him waste :
You, o'er the high triumphal Arch
Pontifick, made your glorious March ;
The wond'rous Arch behind you fell,
And left a Chasm profound as Hell :
You, in your Capitol secur'd,
A Siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

• *Mercury.*

• *A Gentle*

* *A Gentle Echo on Woman.*
In the Dorick Manner.

Shepherd ;

ECHO, I ween, will in the Woods reply,
And quaintly answer Question : Shall I
try ? Echo ; Try.

Shepherd ;

What must we do our Passion' to express ?

Echo; *Press.*

Shepherd ;

How shall I please her, who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo; Before.

Echo ; Before.

Shepherd ;

What most moves Women, when we them
addrefs? Echo; *A Dress.*

Echo ; A Dress.

Shepherd ;

Say, what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?

Echo ; *A Door.*

Shepherd ;

If Mufick softens Rocks, Love tunes my
Lyre. Echo; *Lyar.*

Echo ; *Lyar.*

Shepherd;

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by
her? Echo: *Buy her.*

Echo ; *Buy ber.*

Shepherd;

When bought, no question, I shall be her
Dear. Echo; Her Deer.

Echo ; *Her Deer.*

.. *Shepherd* ;

Shepherd;

But Deer have Horns ; how must I keep her
under ? *Echo ; Keep her under.*

Shepherd ;

How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder ?
Echo ; A---se under.

Shepherd ;

But what can glad me, when she's laid on
Bier ? *Echo ; Beer.*

Shepherd ;

What must I do, when Woman will be kind ?
Echo ; Be kind.

Shepherd ;

What must I do, when Women will be cross ?
Echo ; Be cross.

Shepherd ;

Lord ! what is she that can so turn and wind ?
Echo ; Wind.

Shepherd ;

If she be wind, what stills her when she blows ?
Echo ; Plows.

Shepherd ;

But if she bang again , still shou'd I bang her ?
Echo ; Bang her.

Shepherd ;

Is there no Way to moderate her Anger ?
Echo ; Hang her.

Shepherd ;

Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy Answers tell,
What Woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo ; Guard her well.

Epilogue

*Epilogue to a Play for the Benefit
of the Weavers in Ireland.*

WHO dares affirm this is no pious Age,
When Charity begins to tread the
Stage ?

When Actors, who at best are hardly Savers,
Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers ?

Stay, --- Let me see, how finely will it sound !

Imprimis, from his Grace, a hundred Pound.

Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors ;

And then comes in the *Item* of the Actors.

Item, the Actors freely give a Day, ---

The Poet had no more, who made the Play.

But whence this wond'rous Charity in
Play'rs ?

They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Pray'rs.

Under the Rose, since here are none but
Friends,

(To own the Truth) we have some private
Ends ;

Since Waiting-women, like exacting Jades,

Hold up the Prices of their old *Brocades* :

We'll dress in *Manufactures* made at home,

Equip our *Kings* and *Gen'als* at the *Comb*.

We'll rig in *Meath-Street Ægypt's* haughty
Queen ;

And *Anthony* shall court her in *Ratteen*.

In *blue Shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,

And *Scipio* trail an *Irish Purple Plad*.

In

In Drugget dress, of thirteen Pence a Yard,
 See *Philip's* Son amidst his *Persian* Guard :
 And proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous Rage,
 With fifty Yards of Crape shall sweep the
 Stage :

In short, our Kings and Princesses within
 Are all resolv'd the Project to begin ;
 And you, our Subjects, when you here re-
 sort,
 Must imitate the Fashions of the Court.

Oh ! cou'd I see this Audience clad in *Stuff* !
 Tho' Money's scarce, we should have Trade
 enough :

But *Chints*, *Brocades*, and *Lace* take all away,
 And scarce a Crown is left to see a Play.

Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendship
 springs

Between the *Weavers*, and us Play-House
 Kings ;

But Wit and Weaving had the same Begin-
 ning :

Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning ;
 And next observe how this Alliance fits,
 For *Weavers* now are just as poor as Wits ;
 Their Brother Quill-men, Workers for the
 Stage,

For sorry *Stuff* can get a Crown a Page ;
 But *Weavers* will be kinder to the *Players*,
 And sell for Twenty-pence a Yard of theirs :
 And, to your Knowledge, there is often less
 in

The *Poet's* Wit, than in the *Player's* Dressing.

R

Epitaph

Epitaph *on a Miser.*

BENEATH this verdant *Hillock* lies
Demar, the *Wealthy* and the *Wise*.
 His *Heirs*, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest* :
 The very *Chest*, in which, they say,
 His *other self*, his *Money*, lay.
 And if his *Heirs* continue kind
 To that dear *Self* he left behind,
 I dare believe, that Four in Five
 Will think his *better Half* alive.

*To Stella, who collected and
 transcribed his Poems.*

AS when a lofty Pile is rais'd,
 We never hear the Workmen prais'd,
 Who bring the Lime, or place the
 Stones ;
 But all admire *Inigo Jones* :
 So if this Pile of scatter'd Rhymes
 Shou'd be approv'd in After-times,
 If it both pleases and endures,
 The Merit and the Praise are yours.
 Thou, *Stella*, wert no longer young,
 When first for thee my Harp I strung,

Without

Without one Word of *Cupid's* Darts,
Of killing Eyes, or bleeding Hearts :
With Friendship and Esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a Guest.

In all the Habitudes of Life,
The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In Pleasure seek for something new :
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take Comfort, that our own is best ;
The best we value by the worst ;
(As Tradesmen shew their Trash at first :)
But his Pursuits are at an End,
Whom *Stella* chuses for a Friend.

A Poet, starving in a Garret,
Conning old Topicks like a Parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at Home for want of Shoes ;
Shou'd but his Muse descending drop
A Slice of Bread and Mutton-Chop ;
Or kindly, when his Credit's out,
Surprize him with a Pint of Stout ;
Or patch his broken Stockings Soals,
Or send him in a Peck of Coals ;
Exalted in his mighty Mind
He flies, and leaves the Stars behind ;
Counts all his Labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely Aid.

Or shou'd a Porter make Enquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phyllis*, *Iris*,
Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
The Bow'rs that hold those Nymphs divine ;

Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
 With Footmen tippling under Ground,
 The charming *Sylvia* beating Flax,
 Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks,
 Bright *Phyllis* mending ragged Smocks,
 And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

These are the Goddesses enroll'd
 In *Curll*'s Collections, new and old,
 Whose Scoundrel Fathers wou'd not know
 'em,

If they should meet them in a Poem.

True Poets can depress and raise,
 Are Lords of Infamy and Praise ;
 They are not scurrilous in Satire,
 Nor will in Panegyrick flatter.
 Unjustly Poets we asperse :
 Truth shines the brighter clad in Verse ;
 And all the Fictions they pursue,
 Do but insinuate what is true.

Now should my Praises owe their Truth
 To Beauty, Dress, or Paint, or Youth,
 What Stoicks call *without our Pow'r*,
 They could not be insur'd an Hour ;
 'Twere grafting on an annual Stock,
 That must our Expectation mock,
 And making one luxuriant Shoot,
 Die the next Year for want of Root :
 Before I cou'd my Verses bring,
 Perhaps you're quite another Thing.

So *Mavius*, when he drain'd his Skull,
 To celebrate some Suburb Trull ;

His

His Similies in Order set,
And ev'ry Crambo he cou'd get ;
Had gone thro' all the Common-Places
Worn out by Wits, who rhyme on Faces ;
Before he could his Poem close,
The lovely Nymph had lost her Nose.

Your Virtues safely I commend ;
They on no Accidents depend ;
Let Malice look with all her Eyes,
She dares not say, the Poet lyes.

Stella, when you these Lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a Bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your Pride,
I'll here expose your weaker Side.

Your Spirits kindle to a Flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of Blame ;
And when a Friend in Kindness tries
To shew you where your Error lies,
Conviction does but more incense ;
Perverseness is your whole Defence :
Truth, Judgment, Wit, give Place to Spite,
Regardless both of Wrong and Right.
Your Virtues all suspended wait,
Till Time hath open'd Reason's Gate ;
And what is worse, your Passion bends
Its Force against your nearest Friends :
Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
Have taught you from the World to hide.
In vain : for see, your Friend hath brought
To publick Light your only Fault :
And yet a Fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous Mind ;

R 3

And

And may compare to *Ætna's* Fire,
Which, tho' with Trembling, all admire;
'The Heat, that makes the Summit glow,
Enriching all the Vales below.
'Those, who in warmer Climes complain
From *Phœbus*' Rays they suffer Pain,
Must own, that Pain is largely paid
By gen'rous Wines beneath the Shade.

Yet when I find your Passions rise,
And Anger sparkling in your Eyes,
I grieve those Spirits should be spent,
For nobler Ends by Nature meant.
One Passion with a diff'rent Turn
Makes Wit inflame, or Anger burn:
So the Sun's Heat, with diff'rent Pow'rs,
Ripens the Grape, the Liquors sours.
Thus *Ajax*, when with Rage possess'd,
By *Pallas* breath'd into his Breast,
His Valour wou'd no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
But blinded by Resentment, seeks
For Vengeance on his Friends the *Greeks*.

You think this Turbulence of Blood
From stagnating preserves the Flood;
Which thus fermenting, by Degrees
Exalts the Spirits, sinks the Lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For shou'd this Ferment last too long,
By Time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but Acid left behind.
From Passion you may then be freed,
When Peevishness and Spleen succeed.

Say,

Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the Text ?
Dare you let these Reproaches stand,
And to your Failing set your Hand ?
Or if these Lines your Anger fire,
Shall they in baser Flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my Accusation just.

The Journal of a Modern Lady.

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In You, who ought to know my Heart :
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal,
How cou'd it come into your Mind
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair ;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a String,
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will He his Character bely ?
Must never our Misfortunes end ?
And have we lost our only Friend ?
Ah, lovely Nymphs, remove your Fears,
No more let fall those precious Tears.

Sooner

Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several Verses are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write;
Then give the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal of a Modern Dame*,
Is by my Promise what you claim ;
My Word is past, I must submit ;
And yet perhaps you may be bit:
I but transcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satyr shall be mine:
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times;
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rakewell,
(As we shall shew you in the Sequel)
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors say not quite so soon,
Because, tho' fore against her Will,
She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise ;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains ;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron-Water.

Then

Then to her Glass ; and “ *Betty*, pray,
 “ Don’t I look frightfully To-day ?
 “ But, was it not confounded hard ?
 “ Well, if I ever touch a Card :
 “ Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill* !
 “ Depend upon’t, I never will.
 “ But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
 “ The Ladies here To-night by Six.”
 Madam, the Goldsmith waits below :
 He says, his Business is to know,
 If you’ll redeem the Silver Cup,
 You pawn’d to him ?---First shew him up.
 Your Dressing Plate he’ll be content
 To take for Interest *Cent. per Cent.*
 And, Madam, there’s my Lady *Spade*
 Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.
 “ Well, I remember what she won ;
 “ And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
 “ Here, carry down those ten Pistoles,
 “ My Husband left to pay for Coals :
 “ I thank my Stars, they are all light ;
 “ And I may have Revenge To-night.”
 Now, loit’ring o’er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme ;
 Her last Night’s ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats :
 She slipt *Spadillo* in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There’s Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through ev’ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o’er their Evening Ale.

Now

Now to another Scene give Place :
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace :
Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that ;
Observe this Pattern ; there's a Stuff ;
I can have Customers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown so hard ;
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard ;
Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
And Madam almost drest by Four,
The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays ;
She answers in her usual Style,
The Cook must keep it back a while ;
I never can have Time to dress ;
No Woman breathing takes up less ;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick ;
I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart :
“ I thought we were to dine alone,
“ My Dear, for sure if I had known
“ This Company would come To-day---
“ But really 'tis my Spouse's Way ;
“ He's so unkind, he never sends
“ To tell, when he invites his Friends :
“ I wish ye may but have enough.”
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,
She sits tormenting ev'ry Guest,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,

In

In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;
You see the Booby Husband sit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her noisy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans:
When frighted at the Clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of Silence flew.
And fair *Discretion* left the Place;
And *Modesty* with blushing Face.
Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever-gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst,
And *Malice* always judging worst;
And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glass,
And *Impudence* with Front of Brass;
And studied *Affectation* came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
While *Ignorance* with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
An Hundred Thousand were too few!
Or how should I, alas! relate
The Sum of all their Senseless Prate,

Their.

Their Innuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double 'Entendres!
Now comes the general Scandal Charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
" You have the Tale as cheap as I:
" I must conceal my Author's Name,
" But now 'tis known to common Fame.

Say, foolish Females, old and blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind
Are you on Vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
Thus every Fool herself deludes;
The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Phyllis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays;
Chloe's of every Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets,
That Women should be such Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the World is so censorious!
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whispers, that *Sappho's* Hair is red:
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now

Now Voices over Voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute;
No single Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School-boys at a Barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant Rout:
The Jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not such a Clatter:
Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
When Drunk with sour Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongue alone
To speak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the Fan
Describe the Lady and the Man.

But see! the Female Club disbands;
Each, twenty Visits on her Hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hysterick Fits:
“And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?”
“I'd lay my Life he never went:
“Past Six, and not a living Soul!
“I might by this have won a Vole.”
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How shall we pass the Time between?

S.

Here

" Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
 " And feel my Pulse, I know it stops :
 " This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims !
 " And such a Pain in all my Limbs !

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap---
 But now they hear a Foot-Man's Rap :
 " Go, run, and Light the Ladies up :
 " It must be One before we Sup."

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
 And all the Gamester-Ladies met,
 Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
 Our Madam can sit up all Night.

" Whoever comes I'm not within---
Quadrill's the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,
 Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art ?
 Or in harmonious Numbers put
 The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut ?
 All the superfluous Whims relate,
 That fill a Female Gamester's Pate ?
 What Agony of Soul she feels
 To see a Knave's inverted Heels ?
 She draws up Card by Card, to find
 Good Fortune peeping from behind ;
 With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise :
 In vain, alas, her Hope is fed !
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red :
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-box, Rings, and Keys ;
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.

" This

" This Morning, when the *Parson* came,
 " I said I should not win a Game.
 " This odious Chair, how came I stuck in't ?
 " I think I never had good Luck in't.
 " I'm so uneasy in my Stays ;
 " Your Fan a Moment, if you please.
 " Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
 " I always lose when you look on."
 Lord, Madam, you have lost *Codill* :
 I never saw you play so ill.
 " Nay, Madam, give me leave to say,
 " 'Twas you, that threw the Game away ;
 " When Lady *Tricksy* play'd a Four
 " You took it with a *Matadore*.
 " I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
 " Before my Lady call'd a King.
 " You spoke a Word began with H,
 " And I know whom you meant to teach,
 " Because you held the King of Hearts :
 " Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts."
 That's not so bad, as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her Part'ner understand
 A *Matadore* is in her Hand.
 " Madam, you have no Cause to flounce ;
 " I swear I saw you thrice renounce.
 And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of Five you scor'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
 A Child may know it in the Dark :
 I guess the Hand ; it seldom fails ;
 I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

While thus they rail, and scold and storm,
 It passes but for common Form :
 Most conscious that they all speak true,
 And give each other but their Due ;
 It never interrupts the Game,
 Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,
 And Supper gobbled up in haste,
 Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun :
 Yet shall I not again repeat
 How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat.
 At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A Frosty Morn---Past Four a-Clock.

The Chairmen are not to be found ;
 “ Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
 Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them
 gone ;

But first the Winner must invite
 The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
 Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,
 With empty Purse, and aching Head,
 Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

The

The Country Life.

T *H A L I A* tell in sober Lays,
How *George, Nim, Dan, Dean* pass
their Days.

Begin, my Muse: First from our Bow'rs
We issue forth at diff'rent Hours:
At seven, the *Dean* in Night-gown drest
Goes round the House to wake the rest:
At nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius*:
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our Lectures;
And when she has him by the Neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us down to Break fast.
We squander there an Hour or more,
And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar;
All, Heteroettil *Dan* except,
Who neither Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn,
O'ersees the Work, or *Dragon* *rows,
Or spoils a Text, or mends his Hose;
Or---but proceed we in our Journal---
At two, or after, we return all.
From the four Elements assembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling;

* *My Lord's Boat.*

From airy Garrets some descend,
 Some from the Lake's remotest End :
 My Lord and Dean the Fire forsake ;
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake :
 The Loit'ers quake, no Corner hides them,
 And Lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
 Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done :
 With Church and King the Lady's gone :
 (Not reck'ning half an Hour we pass
 In talking o'er a moderate Glass.)
Dan growing drowsy, like a Thief,
 Steals off to dose away his Beef,
 And this must pass for reading *Hammond*---
 While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gam-
 mon.

George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at four,
 And then again, Boys, to the Oar,
 But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his Sleep,
 Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
 His Candle out, and He a-bed)
 We watch his Motions to a Minute,
 And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning Day,
 We go to Pray'rs, and then to play,
 Till Supper comes ; and after that,
 We sit an Hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late---the old and younger Pairs,
 By * *Adam* lighted, walk up Stairs.

* The Footman.

The

The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.

So when the Circle we have run,
The Curtain falls, and we have done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral Facts,
Like Episodes between the Acts ;
And tell who loses, and who wins,
Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Sh
How *Dan* caught nothing in his Net ;
And how the Boat was over-set :
For Brevity I have retrench'd,
How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd :
It would be an Exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
How steddý in the stern he sat,
And sav'd his Oar, but lost his Hat :
How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him,)
Still brings us Hares, when he can catch 'em :
How skilfully *Dan* mends his Nets ;
How Fortune fails him, when he sets :
Or how the *Dean* delights to vex
The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex :
Or how our Neighbour lifts his Nose
To tell what ev'ry School-boy knows,
Then with his Finger on his Thumb
Explaining, strikes Opposures dumb :
Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
(But now there need no more be said on't)
Shews all her Secrets of House-keeping ;
For Candles how she trucks her Dripping :
Was forc'd to send three Miles for Yest
To brew her Ale, and raise her Paste ;

Tells

Tells ev'ry thing, that you can think of ;
 How she cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough ;
 What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles,
 And how her Doves were kill'd by Weezles ;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a Fright
 She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron :
 And tell how little Weight he sets
 On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts* ;
 But for the Politicks of *Pue* *
 Thinks ev'ry Syllable is-true :
 And since he owns, the King of *Sweden*
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar* ;
 " Why, *Muscovy* is not so far,
 " Down the Black Sea and up the Streights,
 " And in a Month he's at your Gates ;
 " Perhaps, from what the Packet brings,
 " By *Christmas* we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of Ponds and Drains,
 What Carps we met with for our Pains ;
 Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable
 To choak the Girls, and to consume-a-Rabble.
 But You, who are a Scholar, know
 How transient are all things below,
 How prone to change is human Life.
 Last Night arriv'd *Clem.* and his Wife---

* A News-Writer.

This grand Event half broke our Measures ;
Their Reign began with cruel Seizures ;
The *Dean* must with his Quilt supply
The Bed, in which these Tyrants lie ;
Nim lost his Wig-Block, *Dan* his *Jordan*,
(My Lady says she can't afford one)
George is half scar'd out of his Wits,
For *Clem.* gets all the dainty Bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent Survey,
This House will soon turn topsy-turvy :
They talk of further Alterations,
Which causes many Speculations.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot*.
hight,
Who went to weed the Court of *Gosford*
Knight,
While each with stubbed Knife remov'd the
Roots,
That rais'd between the Stones their daily
Shoots ;
As at their Work they sat in counterview,
With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
Sing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain
The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
 Than strongest Weeds, that grow these Stones
 betwixt :
 My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can
 part,
 No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows
 Than yon tall Dock, that rises to thy Nose.
 Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again ; but
 O !
 Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Legs shall
 rake
 (I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur's* Sake.)
 Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rusby Matt ;
 The hardest Bum will bruize with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind stand gaping
 wide ;
 This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side ;
 Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet ;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but Sweat.

DERMOT.

D E R M O T.

At an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco Plug :
A longer half-'porth never did I see ;
This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with me.

S H E E L A H.

In at the Pantry door this Morn I slipt,
And from the Shelf a charming Crust I whipt ;
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe ;
And thou, my Dear, shalt have the bigger half.

D E R M O T.

When you saw *Tady* at long Bullets play,
You sat and lows'd him all the Sunshine Day.
How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his Tales,
Or crack such Lice as his between your Nails ?

S H E E L A H.

When you with *Oonah* stood behind a Ditch,
I peep'd and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Sluts !
I almost wish'd this Spud were in your Guts.

D E R M O T.

If *Oonah* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide ;
Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side :
But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

S H E E L A H.

S H E E L A H.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could
hold

Ten thousand Lice, and ev'ry Louse was Gold;
Him on my Lap you never more should see;
Or may I lose my Weeding-knife---and Thee.

D E R M O T.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lass,
A Pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass!
But see, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes---
Then let us rise and rest our weary Bums.

Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to
Dr. Sheridan.

WELL; if ever I saw such another Man,
since my Mother bound my head!
You a Gentleman!; mary come up;
I wonder where you were bred!
I am sure such Words do not become a Man
of your Cloth,
I would not give such Language to a Dog,
faith and troth.
Yes; you call'd my Master a Knave: Fie
Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis a Shame
For a Parson, who shou'd know better Things,
to come out with such a Name.

Knave.

Knave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan* ; 'tis both
a Shame and a Sin ;

And the Dean my Master is an honest Man
than you and all your Kin :

He has more Goodness in his little Finger,
than you have in your whole Body,

My Master is a parsonable Man, and not a
spindle-shank'd hoddody-doddy.

And now whereby I find you would fain make
an Excuse,

Because my Master one day in Anger call'd
you Goose.

Which, and I am sure I have been his Servant
four Years since *October*,

And he never call'd me worse than Sweetheart
drunk or sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever con-
cern'd to my Knowledge,

Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him
out so late in your College.

You say you will eat Grass on his Grave : a
Christian eat Grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a
Goose or an Ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my Master
should die before ye ;

Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't
believe that's a true Story,

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my Master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to
Mary.

T

Every

Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth
and shame the Devil,

I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentle-
folks should be civil.

Besides you found fault with our Vittles one
Day that you was here,

I remember it was on a *Tuesday* of all Days
in the Year.

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always
jesting and mocking :

Mary said he (one Day, as I was mending my
Master's Stocking,)

My Master is so fond so that Minister, that
keeps the School,

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that
Man makes him a Fool.

Saunders said I, I would rather than a Quart
of Ale,

He would come into our Kitchen, and I would
pin a Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to di-
rect this Letter,

For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister
Marget she writes better.

Weil, but I must run and make the Bed before
my Master comes from Pray'rs ;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him
coming up Stairs :

Whereof I cou'd say more to your Verses, if
I cou'd write written hand,

And so I remain, in a civil way, your Servant
to command,

Mary.

A Dia.

*A Dialogue between Mad Mullinix
and Timothy.*

M. **I** Own, 'tis not my Bread and Butter :
But prithee, *Tim*, why all this Clutter ?
Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites* ?
When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found ;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

T. 'Twixt you and me, G-- Damn the
Lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over
To our illustrious House of *Hanover* ;
From all their Conduct this is plain :
And then----

T. G-- Damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts ?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets !
[*aside.*]

T. Did not an able Statesman B----
This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
As *Popish* Craft ? Did he not rail on't ?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't ?
Proving the Earl a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender* ?
Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

T. 2

These

These brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*
 Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
 The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in;
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your Faction, when their Game was new,
 Might want such noisy Fools as you;
 But You, when all the Show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out the last;
 Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
 Not minding when the Song is done.
 When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
 You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
 The Leaders, whom you list'd under,
 Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder;
 And when the War is past, you come
 To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
 And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
 Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;
 So thou art grown the Detestation
 Of all thy Party through the Nation;
 Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
 With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;
 Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
 Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State-grimace,
 Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
 Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)
 Have made thy Presence, in a true Sense,
 To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,
 That

That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the Devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend *Mullinix*, forbear ;
I vow to G-- you're too severe ;
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,
It shou'd be yours : But D--- my Blood,
I must pursue the publick Good :
The Faction (is it not notorious ?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious* :
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me his Statue round.
The publick Safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me ;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.

M. *Tim*, you Mistake the Matter quite :
The *Tories* ! you are their *Delight* :
And should you act a different Part,
Be grave and wise---'twou'd break their Heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
And often see a *Puppet-show* ;
Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene ;
But when they hear his rusty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice !
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cause,

Which the true Mother, which *Pretender* ;
 Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor* ;
 Shou'd *Fauslus* with the Devil behind him
 Enter the Stage, they never mind him.
 If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shows
 In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again ;
 O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain !
 You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
 'Till he appears upon the Stage :
 And first his Bum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap ;
 The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
 Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
 And sold the King of *Spain* a Bargain ;
 St. *George* himself he plays the Wag on,
 And mounts astride upon the *Dragon* ;
 He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his Roguish Tricks ;
 In ev'ry Action thrusts his Nose,
 The Reason why, no Mortal knows ;
 In doleful Scenes, that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like You, and lets a F--t.
 There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
 But what wou'd hang him, if they cou'd ;
 While teasing all, by all he's teaz'd,
 How well are the Spectators pleas'd !
 Who in the Motion have no Share,
 But purely come to hear and stare ;
 Have no concern for *Sabra's* Sake,
 Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,

Provided

Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)
Be soundly mawl'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet-shows ;
Where petulant conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes* ;
So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in :
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
To interrupt all serious Matter,
Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a Man.
But then, the Lookers-on, the *Tories*
You still divert with merry Stories ;
They wou'd consent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Coyl what hast thou got ?
If *Tories* must have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got ? D--- my Blood, I *frank my Letters*,
Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And simple as I now stand here,
Expect in Time to be a P-----
Got ? D--- me, why I got my Will !
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still :
I f---t with twenty Ladies by ;
They call me Beast ; and what care I ?

I bravely

I bravely call the *Tories*, *Jacks*,
 And Sons of Whores---behind their Backs.
 But could you bring me once to think,
 That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
 Revile, and slander, fume and storm,
 Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
 With such a constant loyal Zeal
 To serve myself and Common-weal,
 And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
 I did but lose my precious Breath ;
 And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
 Am, as you tell me, but their May-game ;
 Consume my Vitals ! they shall know,
 I am not to be treated so ;
 I'd rather hang myself by half,
 Than give those Rascals Cause to laugh.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure ?
 No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim a passing by.
 No more my dear delightful Way tread,
 Of keeping up a *Party-Hatred*.
 Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
 When thro' the Streets I cry *Hallooe* ?
 Must all my D--mce's, Bloods, and Wounds,
 Pass only now for empty Sounds ?
 Shall *Tory* Rascals be elected,
 Although I swear them disaffected ?
 And when I roar, *a Plot, a Plot*,
 Will our own Party mind me not ?
 So qualified to swear and lye,
 Will they not trust me for a *Spy* ?

Dear

Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
 I beg ; you see the Case is nice :
 O, were I equal in Renown,
 Like thee, to please this thankless Town !
 Or blest with such engaging Parts
 To win the truuant School-boys Hearts !
 Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
 Attended by the *Sable Guard*.
 Charm'd by thy Voice the 'Prentice drops
 The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops.
 Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
 Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.

M. No more---- In Mark of true Affection,
 I take thee under my Protection :
 Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd ;
 I wish they had been well apply'd.
 But now observe my Counsel, (*viz.*)
 Adapt your Habit to your Phyz ;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As *Horace* says, *optat Ephippia* :
 (There's *Latin* too, that you may see
 How much improv'd by Dr.-----)
 I have a Coat at home, that you may try,
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.
 My Hat has much the nicer Air,
 Your Block will fit it to a Hair :
 That Wig, I would not for the World
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd ;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a Week !
 You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
 The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.

Thus

Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which 'tis hard know,
When first in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van ; keep You the Rear :
Be careful as you walk behind ;
Use all the Talents of your Mind ;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mien and Gate ;
Mark my Address, and learn my Stile,
When to look scornful, when to smile ;
Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
But keep your Swearing to the last.
Then at our Leisure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City :
The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping,
Your Conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by useful Arts ;
Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
Direct the Zenith of the Sky ;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air ;
Some teach us in these dang'rous Days
How to walk upright in our Ways ;
Some, whose reforming Hands engage
To lash the Lewdness of the Age ;
Some for the publick Service go
Perpetual Envoys to and fro,
Whose able Heads support the Weight
Of twenty M-----rs of State.

We

We scorn, for want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber* :
Nor are we studious to enquire,
Who Votes for Manours, who for Hire ;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind ;
The various Scenes of mortal Life ;
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife ;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke
Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke.
One tells the rise of Cheese and Oatmeal ;
Another, when he got a hot Meal :
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a Scold ;
Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious Time so long mispent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends :
O, introduce me to your Friends !
For whom by Birth I was design'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind.
I give myself intire to you ;
G--d--- the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

* Epitaph.

* E P I T A P H.

HERE continueth to rot
 The Body of FRA---S CH---IS,
 Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
 and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
 PERSISTED,
 In Spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
 His Insatiable AVARICE exempted him from
 The first ;
 His Matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
 Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating
Pravity of his Manners, than successful in
Accumula
ting WEALTH.

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
 He acquired, or more properly Created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of
 HONESTY,

Retain

EPI T A P H.

Retain his Primæval MEANNESS, when pos-
 sess'd of TEN THOUSAND a YEAR;
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for
 what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could*
 not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader !
 Think not his Life Useless to Mankind !
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable De-
 signs,
 To give to After-AGES a conspicuous PROOF
 and EXAMPLE
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT
 WEALTH in the Sight of GOD, by his
 bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of
 ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera
 norunt
 Et Tagus & Ganges—forsan & Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE *Francis Ch---s* lies---- Be civil !
 The rest God knows--- perhaps the De-
 vil.

U

* Epigram.

* Epigram.

PETER complains, that God has given
 To his poor Babe a Life so short :
 Consider *Peter*, he's in Heaven ;
 'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

* Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will
 come :
 Knock as you please, there's no Body at
 home.

* Epitaph [*of By-Words.*]

HERE lies a round Woman, who thought
mighty odd
 Every Word, she e'er heard in this
 Church about God.
 To convince her of *God* the good Dean did
 endeavour,
 But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more
clever.
 Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head al-
 ways run
 Upon something or other, she found better *Fun;*
 For

For the Dame, by her skill in Affairs Astro-
 nomical,
 Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but *comi-
 cal*.
 In this World, she despis'd every Soul she met
 here ;
 And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but
Queer.

Epigram.

*On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of
 Church in the Time of Divine Ser-
 vice, to wait on his Grace the D.
 of D——*

LORD Pam in the Church (cou'd you
 think it) kneel'd down,
 When told the Lieutenant was just come
 to Town,
 His *Station* despising, unaw'd by the *Place*,
 He flies from his *God* to attend on his *Grace* :
 To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,
 Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordship's *Pro-
 motion*.

* Epigram *from the French.*

S I R, I admit your gen'ral Rule,
 That every Poet is a Fool :
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That every Fool is not a Poet.

* Epitaph.

W E L L then, poor G---- lies under
 Ground !
 So there's an End of honest Jack.
 So little Justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* Epigram

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,
 Anno 1716.

W HENCE deathless Kit-Cat took its Name
 Few Criticks can unriddle ;
 Some say from *Pastry-Cook* it came,
 And some from *Cat* and *Fiddle*.
 From no trim Beaus' its Name it boasts,
 Grey Statesmen, or Green Wits ;

Bu

But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.

* *To a Lady with the Temple of
Fame.*

WHAT's Fame with Men, by Custom
of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* *Verses*

*To be placed under the Picture of
England's Arch-Poet: Contain-
ing a compleat Catalogue of his
Works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung 1 *Arthur*, then sung 2 *Al-
fred*,
Prais'd great 3 *Eliza* in God's Anger,
'Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her!

1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty
Books.

2 Heroick Poems in twelve Books.

3 Heroick Poems in Folio, ten Books.

U 3

Made

Made 13 *Jeremy* full fore to cry,
And 14 *Job* himself curse God and die.

What Punishment all this must follow ?
Shall *Arthur* use him like King *Tollo* ?
Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him ?
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah* *Sifera*-him ?
Or shall *Eliza* lay a Plot
To treat him like her Sister *Scot* ?
Shall *William* dub his better End, *
Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a Friend ?
No, none of these---- Heav'n spare his Life !
But send him, honest *Job*, thy *Wife*.

Dr. Sw—— to Mr. P——e,
While he was writing the Dunciad.

P O P E has the Talent well to speak,
But not to reach the Ear ;
His loudest Voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

- 13 The *Lamentations*.
14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in *Folio*.
* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him
on the Shoulders.

A while

A while they on each other look,
Then different Studies chuse ;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by some other struck,
All turns and Motion tries,
Till in a Lump together stuck,
Behold a *Poem* rise !

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot ;
He claims it by a Canon ;
That, without which a Thing is not,
Is, causa sine quâ non.

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit ;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Conversation fit,
You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reason'd well,
And justly half the Merit claim'd,
Because he rang the Bell.

Bounce

Bounce to Fop.

An Epistle from a Dog at *Twickenham* to a Dog at Court.

TO thee sweet *Fop*, these Lines I send,
 Who, tho' no Spaniel, am a Friend,
 Tho' once my Tail in wanton Play,
 Now frisking this and then that way,
 Chanc'd, with a Touch of just the Tip,
 To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ship;
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your Head off!
 Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a Leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
 And (what's the Top of all your Tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up *Strings* and *Sticks*.
 We Country Dogs love nobler Sport,
 And scorn the Pranks of Dogs at Court.
 Fye, naughty *Fop*! where-e'er you come,
 To f--t and p--ss about the Room,
 To lay your Head in every Lap,
 And, when they think not of you---snap!
 The worst that Envy, or that Spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite:
 That idle Gypsies, Rogues in Rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no Brags;
 And that to towze such Things as *flutter*,
 To honest *Bounce* is Bread and Butter.

While

While You, and every courtly Fop,
Fawn on the Devil for a Chop,
I've the Humanity to hate
A Butcher, tho' he brings me Meat ;
And let me tell you, have a Nose,
(Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
That under Cloth of Gold or Tissue,
Can smell a Plaister, or an Issue.

Your pilf'ring Lord, with simple Pride,
May wear a Pick-lock at his Side ;
My Master wants no Key of State,
For *Bounce* can keep his House and Gate.

When all such Dogs have had their Days,
As knavish *Pams*, and fawning *Trays* ;
When pamper'd *Cupids*, beastly *Veni's*,
And motly, squinting *Harlequini's*, *
Shall lick no more their Lady's Br—,
But die of Looseness, Claps, or Itch :
Fair *Thames* from either ecchoing Shore
Shall hear and dread my manly Roar.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
With thund'ring Offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and a top,
A hundred Sons ! and not one *Fop*.

Before my Children set your Beef,
Not one true *Bounce* will be a Thief ;
Not one without Permission feed,
(Tho' some of *J-----n's* hungry Breed)

* *Alii legunt Harvequini's.*

But

But whatfo'er the Father's Race,
 From me they suck a little Grace.
 While your fine Whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by Hand on Chick and Veal.

My Eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great *Strafford's* glittering Star:
 My second, Child of Fortune! waits
 At *Burlington's* Palladian Gates:
 A third majestically stalks,
 Happiest of Dogs! in *Cobham's* Walks:
 One ushers Friends to *Bathurst's* Door,
 One fawns, at *Oxford's*, on the Poor.

Nobles, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
 Wait for my Infants yet unborn.
 None, but a Peer of Wit and Grace,
 Can hope a Puppy of my Race.

And O! wou'd Fate the Bliss decree
 To mine, a Bliss too great for me!
 That two, my tallest Sons, might grace,
 Attending each with stately Pace,
Idus's Side, as erst *Evander's*, *
 To keep off Flatt'ers, Spies, and Panders;
 To let no noble Slave come near;
 And scare Lord *Fannys* from his Ear:
 Then might a royal Youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a Friend-----or two:
 A Treasure, which of Royal Kind
 Few but himself deserve to find.

* Virg. *Æn.* 8.

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her Tail within the Grave.

* *On the Countess of B—— cutting
 Paper.*

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd ;
 She would not do the least right thing
 Either for Goddesses or for God,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and " Use (he cry'd) those
 Eyes

" So skilful, and those Hands so taper ;
 " Do something exquisite, and wise---
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

This vexing him, who gave her Birth,
 Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame ;
 What does she next, but bids on Earth
 Her B--l--n do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange Airs :
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The Sense and Taste of one, that bears
 The Name of Savil and of Boyle.

Alas ! one bad Example shown,
 How quickly all the Sex pursue !
 See Madam ! see, the Arts o'erthrown
 Between John Overton and You.

* *On a certain Lady at Court.*

I Know the Thing, that's most uncommon ;
 Envy, be silent, and attend !

I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
 Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
 An equal Mixture of good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy.

“ Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir ?”

Yes she has one, I must aver :

When all the World conspires to praise her,
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

*To Doctor D—l—y on the Libels
 writ against him.*

AS some raw Youth in Country bred,
 To Arms by Thirst of Honour led,
 When at a Skirmish first he hears
 The Bullets whistling round his Ears,
 Will duck his Head aside, will start,
 And feel a trembling at his Heart :
 Till, 'scaping oft' without a Wound,
 Lessens the Terror of the Sound :

X

Fly

Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
 He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
 An Author thus, who pants for Fame,
 Begins the World with Fear and Shame.
 When first in Print, you see him dread
 Each Pot-gun level'd at his Head :
 The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
 Is destin'd to beat out his Brains.
 As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord have Mercy on his Soul !
 Concluding, that another Shot
 Will strike him dead upon the Spot.
 But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one Creature dropping :
 That, missing Fire, or missing Aim,
 His Life is safe, I mean his Fame ;
 The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
 And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the fairest Mark
 To poison'd Arrows from the Dark,
 Yet, * *in yourself when smooth and round,*
 They glance aside without a Wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their Art,
 How *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part ;
 But little could their Strength avail,
 Both still are fasten'd by the Tail.
 Thus, *Fame* and *Censure* with a Tether
 By Fate are always link'd together.

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

Why

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In Wit before the common Herd ;
And yet grow mortify'd and vext
To pay the Penalty annex ?

'Tis Eminence makes Envy rise,
As fairest Fruits attract the Flyes.
Shou'd stupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You soon a Remedy may find :
Lie down obscure, like other Folks,
Below the Lash of Snarler's Jokes.
Their Faction is five hundred odds ;
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods :
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain ;
And write you must, or break a Vein :
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard :
But raise your Fancy on the Wing ;
The *Irish Senate's* Praises sing :
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom !
And for Corruptions, how they weed 'em !
How each the Publick Good pursues,
How far their Hearts from private Views !
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blue-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub ;
You then may soon be of the Club.

How oft' am I for Rhime to seek ?
To dress a Thought I toyl a Week :
And then, how thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown !

Whilst ev'ry Critick can devour
 My Work and me in half an Hour.
 Would Men of Genius cease to write,
 The Rogues must die for Want of Spight,
 Must die for want of Food and Rayment,
 If Scandal did not find them Payment.
 How chearfully the Hawkers cry,
 A Satire, and the Gentry buy!
 While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
 Unfold upon the Printer's Lines.

A *Genius* in the Rev'rend Gown
 Must ever keep its Owner down :
 'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
 And spoils the Credit of the Function.
 Round all your Brethren cast your Eyes ;
 Point out the surest Men to rise :
 That Club of Candidates in Black,
 The least deserving of the Pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce and loud,
 With Grace and Learning unendow'd,
 Will sooner coin a Thousand Lyes,
 Than suffer Men of Parts to rise :
 They croud about Preferment's Gate,
 And press you down with all their Weight.
 For, as of old, Mathematicians
 Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians ;
 So Academick dull Ale-drinkers.
 Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble Ends.
 Observe, what Loads of stupid Rhimes
 Oppress us in corrupted Times.

What

What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reason, Grammar, Truth, or Sense ?
For, though the Muse delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inspires against Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue still unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party Steps no Grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you *England's* Primate :
First learn the Science to be dull ;
You then may soon your Conscience lull :
If not ; however seated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

When *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wits fair Goodness brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth a *Sooterkin* ;
Which, as the Nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muse's Hill ;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus'* Foot.
From hence the Critick Vermin sprung
With Harpy Claws and Pois'nous Tongue,
Who fatten on Poetick Scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.
Dame Nature, as the Learned show,
Provides each Animal its Foe :
Hound hunts the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To persecute the Muses Fame,
On Poets in all Times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

Yet, what avails it to complain ?
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmost Rage defies,
That safe behind the Wainscot lies :
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheese an individual Mite ?
Shew me the same numerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but yesterday :
You then may boldly go in Quest
To find the Grubstreet Poet's Nest.
What Spunging-House in dread of Jail
Receives them, while they wait for Bayl :
What Alley they are nestled in
To flourish o'er a Cup of Gin :
Find the last Garret where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they starve To-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Punishment would you inflict ?
Or call 'em Rogues, or get 'em kickt ?
These they have often try'd before ;
You but oblige 'em so much more :
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

You have been Libel'd---Let us know
What senseless Coxcomb told you so.
Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes,
Who in his Titles always lyes ?
Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says,
It might be something in your Praise :
And, Praise bestow'd in *Grubstreet Rhimes*,
Would vex one more a thousand Times.

TH

Till Blockheads blame, and Judges praise,
 The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
 On me when Dunces are satyrick,
 I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate ;
 Be that my *Motto*, and my *Fate* !

On Dreams, *an Imitation of*
 Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus
umbris, &c.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent
 Night intrude,
 And with false flitting Shades our
 Minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the Skies,
 Nor can they from infernal Mansions rise ;
 But all are meer Productions of the Brain ;
 And Fools consult Interpreters in vain.
 For, when in Bed we rest our weary Limbs,
 The Mind unburthen'd sports in various
 Whims ;
 The busy Head with mimic Art runs o'er
 The Scenes and Actions of the Day before.
 The drowsy Tyrant, by his Minions led,
 To regal Rage devotes some Patriot's Head.

With

With equal Terrors, not with equal Guilt,
The Murd'rer dreams of all the Blood he spilt.

The Soldier sniling hears the Widow's
Cries,

And stabs the Son before the Mother's Eyes.
With like Remorse, his Brother of the Trade,
The Butcher sells the Lamb beneath his Blade.

The Statesman rakes the Town to find a
Plot,

And dreams of Forfeitures by Treason got.
Nor less Tom T-d-Man, of true Statesman
Mold,

Collects the City Filth in search of Gold.

Orphans around his Bed the Lawyer fees,
And takes the Plaintiff's and Defendant's
Fees :

His Fellow Pick-Purse, watching for a Job,
Fancy's his Fingers in the Cully's Fob.

The kind Physician grants the Husband's
Pray'rs,

Or gives Relief to long expecting Heirs.

The sleeping Hangman ties the fatal Noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead Mens Shoes.

The grave Divine with knotty Points per-
plext,

As if he was awake, nods o'er his Text :
While the sly Mountebank attends his Trade,
Harrangues the Rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling Senator of modern Days
Bedaubs the Guilty Great with nauseous
Praise :

And,

And *Dick* the Scavenger, with equal Grace,
Flirts from his Cart the Mud in---'s Face.

*To Stella, Visiting me in my Sick-
ness, October 1727.*

PALLAS, observing *Stella's* Wit
Was more than for her Sex was fit,
And that her Beauty, soon or late,
Might breed Confusion in the State;
In high Concern for human Kind,
Fixt Honour in her Infant Mind.

But, (not in Wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious Age)
If Honour I would here define,
It answers Faith in Things divine.
As nat'ral Life the Body warms,
And, Scholars teach, the Soul informs;
So Honour animates the Whole,
And is the Spirit of the Soul.

Those num'rous Virtues, which the Tribe
Of tedious Moralists describe,
And by such various Titles call,
True Honour comprehends them all.
Let Melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or Blood, or Phlegm,
It makes no Diff'rence in the Case;
Nor is Complexion Honour's Place.

But, lest we should for Honour take
The Drunken Quarrels of a Rake,

Or

Or think it seated in a Scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal Car,
 Or in the Payment of a Debt
 We lose with Sharpers at Picquet;
 Or, when a Whore in her Vocation
 Keeps punctual to an Assignment;
 Or that, on which his Lordship swears,
 When vulgar Knaves wou'd lose their Ears:
 Let *Stella's* fair Example preach
 A Lesson, she alone can teach.

In Points of Honour to be try'd,
 All Passions must be laid aside;
 Ask no Advice, but think alone;
 Suppose the Question not your own;
 How shall I act? is not the Case;
 But how wou'd *Brutus* in my Place?
 In such a Cause wou'd *Cato* bleed;
 And how wou'd *Socrates* proceed?

Drive all Objections from your Mind,
 Else you relapse to Human kind;
 Ambition, Avarice, and Lust,
 And factious Rage, and Breach of Trust,
 And Flatt'ry tipt with nauseous Fleece,
 And Guilt and Shame, and servile Fear,
 Envy, and Cruelty, and Pride,
 Will in your tainted Heart preside.

Heroes and Heroins of old
 By Honour only were enroll'd
 Among their Brethren in the Skies,
 To which (tho' late) shall *Stella* rise.
 Ten thousand Oaths upon Record
 Are not so sacred as her Word.

The

The World shall in its Atoms end,
E're *Stella* can deceive a Friend.
By Honour, seated in her Breast,
She still determines what is best.
What Indignation in her Mind
Against Enslavers of Mankind !
Base Kings and Ministers of State,
Eternal Objects of her Hate !

She thinks, that Nature ne'er design'd
Courage to Man alone confin'd ;
Can Cowardice her Sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to Scorn ?
She wonders, where the Charm appears
In *Florimel's* affected Fears ;
For *Stella* never learn'd the Art,
At proper Times to scream and start ;
Nor calls up all the House at Night,
And swears she saw a Thing in White :
Doll never flies to cut her Lace,
Or throw cold Water in her Face,
Because she heard a sudden Drum,
Or found an Earwig in a Plum.

Her Hearers are amaz'd, from whence
Proceeds that Fund of Wit and Sense ;
Which, tho' her Modesty wou'd shroud,
Breaks like the Sun behind a Cloud,
While Gracefulness its Art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry Motion steals.

Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And forming you, mistook your Kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The Fire, that forms a manly Soul ;

Then,

Then, to compleat it ev'ry way,
 He moulded it with Female Clay;
 To that you owe the nobler Flame,
 To this the Beauty of your Frame.

How wou'd Ingratitude delight,
 And how wou'd Censure glut her Spight,
 If I should *Stella's* Kindness hide
 In Silence, or forget with Pride?
 When on my sickly Couch I lay,
 Impatient both of Night and Day,
 Lamenting in unmanly Strains,
 Call'd ev'ry Pow'r to ease my Pains,
 Then *Stella* ran to my Relief
 With chearful Face, and inward Grief:
 And tho' by Heav'n's severe Decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel Master could require
 From Slaves, employ'd for daily Hire,
 What *Stella*, by her Friendship warm'd,
 With Vigour and Delight perform'd.
 My sinking Spirits now supplies
 With Cordials in her Hands, and Eyes;
 Now with a soft and silent Tread,
 Unheard she moves about my Bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous Draught,
 And so obligingly am caught;
 I bless the Hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my Face for Shame.

Best Pattern of true Friends! beware:
 You pay too dearly for your Care,
 If while your Tenderneſs ſecures
 My Life, it muſt endanger yours:

For

For such a Fool was never found,
Who pull'd a Palace to the Ground,
Only to have the Ruins made
Materials for an House decay'd.

*Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift,
occasioned by reading the follow-
ing Maxim in Rochfoucault.*

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous
trouvons toujours quelque choses, qui ne nous
deplais pas.*

AS Rochfoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true ;
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him : The Fault is in Mankind,
This Maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human Breast ;
“ In all Distresses of our Friends
“ We first consult our private Ends :
“ While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some Circumstance to please us.”
If this perhaps your Patience move ;
Let Reason and Experience prove.
We all behold with envious Eyes
Our Equal rais'd above our Size.
I love my Friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?

Y

Then

Then let me have the higher Post ;
 Suppose it but an Inch at most.
 If in a Battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all Mankind,
 Had some heroick Action done,
 A Champion kill'd or Trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
 Wou'd you not wish his Laurels cropp'd ?
 Dear honest *Ned* is in the Gout,
 Lies rack'd with Pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the Case is not your own !

What Poet would not mourn to see
 His Brother write as well as he ?
 But rather than they should excell,
 He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

Her End when Emulation misses,
 She turns to Envy, Stings and Hisses :
 The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
 Unless the Odds be on our Side.

Vain human Kind ! fantastick Race !
 Thy various Follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
 Their Empire in our Hearts divide.
 Give others Riches, Power, and Station :
 'Tis all on me a Usurpation.

I have no Title to aspire,
 Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In *Pope* I cannot read a Line,
 But with a Sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one Couplet fix
 More Sense, than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous Fit ;
 I cry, Pox take him and his Wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
 In my own humorous biting way.
Arbutnot is no more my Friend,
 Who dares to Irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some Repute for Prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of Date,
 Could maul a Minister of State.
 If they have mortify'd my Pride,
 And made me throw my Pen aside ;
 If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em ;
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my Foes dear Fortune send
 Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The Time is not remote, when I
 Must by the Course of Nature die ;
 When I foresee, my special Friends
 Will try to find their private Ends :
 And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
 Which way my Death can do them good ;
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
 See, how the Dean begins to break !
 Poor Gentleman ! he droops apace ;
 You plainly find it in his Face.

That old Vertigo in his Head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his Memory decays :
He recollects not, what he says :
He cannot call his Friends to mind :
Forgets the Place, where last he din'd :
Plies you with Stories o'er and o'er ;
He told 'em fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion Wit ?
But he takes up with younger Folks,
Who, for his Wine, will bear his Jokes.
Faith, he must make his Stories shorter,
Or change his Comrades once a Quarter :
In half the time, he talks them round ;
There must another Sett be found.

For Poetry, he's past his Prime ;
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime :
His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
His Fancy sunk, his Muse a Jade.
I'd have him throw away his Pen ;
But there's no talking to some Men !

And then, their Tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my Years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the Second.
He hardly drinks a Pint of Wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.
His Stomach too begins to fail :
Last Year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another thing ;
I wish he may hold out till Spring.

Then

Then hug themselves, and reason thus :
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a Case they talk in Tropes ;
And by their Fears express their Hopes.
Some great Misfortune to portend,
No Enemy can match a Friend.
With all the Kindness they profess
The Merit of a lucky Guess.
When daily Howd'y's come of Course,
And Servants answer, " worse and worse !"
Wou'd please 'em better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
Then He, who prophesy'd the best,
Approves the Judgment to the rest :
" You know, I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose, that I should die,
Than his Prediction prove a Lye.
Not one foretels, I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some Neighbour feel a Pain
Just in the Parts, where I complain ;
How many a Message would he send !
What hearty Prayers, that I should mend !
Enquire, what Regimen I kept ;
What gave me Ease, and how I slept :
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the Snivelers round my Bed.

My good Companions, never fear ;
For, though you may mistake a Year,
Though your Prognosticks run too fast,
They must be verif'y'd at last.

Behold the fatal Day arrive !
How is the Dean ? he's just alive.
Now the departing Prayer is read :
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

Before the Passing-Bell begun,
The News thro' half the Town has run.
Oh ! may we all for Death prepare !
What has he left ? And who's his Heir ?
I know no more, than what the News is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick Uses.

To publick Uses ! there's a Whim !
What had the Publick done for him ?
Mere Envy, Avarice, and Pride :
He gave it all ---but first he dy'd.

And had the Dean in all the Nation
No worthy Friend ? No poor Relation ?
So ready to do Strangers Good,
Forgetting his own Flesh and Blood !

Now Grubstreet Wits are all employ'd ;
With Elegies the Town is cloy'd :

Some Paragraph in every Paper
To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drapier*.

The Doctors, tender of their Fame,
Wisely on me lay all the Blame.

We must confess his Case was nice ;
But he would never take Advice :

Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty Years ;

For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital Parts were sound.

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,

'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.

And

And Lady S----- in the Spleen

Runs laughing up to tell ***.

** so gracious, mild and good,

Cries, "is he gone! 'tis time he shou'd.

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

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Now *Chartres*, at ----- Levee,

Tells with a Sneer the Tidings heavy :

Why, if he dy'd without his Shoes,

(Cries -----) I'm sorry for the News :

Oh, were the Wretch but living still,

And in his Place my good Friend *Will*!

Or had a Mitre on his Head,

Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead !

Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbish drains :

Three genuine Tomes of *Swift's* Remains :

And then to make them pass the glibber,

Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.

He'll treat me, as he does my Betters,

Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters ;

Revive the Libels born to die ;

Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the Scene, to represent

How those I love my Death lament.

Poor *Pope* will grieve a Month, and *Gay*

A Week, and *Arbutnot* a Day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.

The

The rest will give a Shrug, and cry,
 " I'm sorry, but we all must die !

Indiff'rence clad in Wisdom's Guise
 All Fortitude of Mind supplies :
 For how can stony Bowels melt
 In those, who never Pity felt ?
 When we are lasht, they kiss the Rod,
 Relinquishing to the Will of God.

The Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
 Are tortur'd with Suspence and Fear ;
 Who wisely thought my Age a Screen,
 When Death approach'd, to stand between ;
 The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trem-
 bling :

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their Parts,
 Receive the News in doleful Dumps :
 " The Dean is dead (pray what is Trumps ?)
 " Then, Lord, have Mercy on his Soul !
 " (Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole)
 " Six Deans, they say, must bear the Pall,
 " (I wish I knew what King to call.)
 " Madam, your Husband will attend
 " The Fun'ral of so good a Friend.
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight ;
 " And he's engag'd To-morrow Night :
 " My Lady Club will take it ill,
 " If he shou'd fail her at Quadrill.
 " He lov'd the Dean ; (I lead a Heart)
 " But dearest Friends, they say, must part.

" His

“ His Time was come, he ran his Race ;
 “ We hope he’s in a better Place.

Why do we grieve, that Friends should die ?
 No Loss more easy to supply.

One Year is past ; a different Scene !

No farther mention of the Dean :

Who now, alas ! no more is mist,

Than if he never did exist.

Where’s now the Favourite of *Apollo* ?

Departed : --- *And his Works must follow* ;

Must undergo the common Fate ;

His kind of Wit is out of Date.

Some Country Squire to *Lintot* goes,

Enquires for *Swift* in Verse and Prose,

Says *Lintot*, “ I have heard the Name ;

“ He dy’d a Year ago. The same.

He searches all the Shop in vain.

“ Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.

“ I sent them with a Load of Books

“ Last *Monday* to the Pastry Cooks.

“ To fancy, they could live a Year !

“ I find, you’re but a Stranger here.

“ The Dean was famous in his Time,

“ And had a kind of Knack at Rhime ;

“ His way of Writing now is past :

“ The Town has got a better Taste.

“ I keep no antiquated Stuff,

“ But Spick and Span I have enough.

“ Pray, do but give me leave to shew ’em !

“ Here’s *Colley Cibber*’s Birth-day Poem.

“ This Ode you never yet have seen.

“ By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.

“ Then

“ But, why wou’d he, except he *slobber’d*,
“ Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir R---- ?
“ Whose *Councils* aid the Sov’reign Pow’r
“ To *save* the *Nation* ev’ry Hour.
“ What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,
“ In *Satyrs*, *Libels*, *Lying Travels* !
“ Not sparing his own *Clergy-Cloth*,
“ But, *eats* into it like a *Moth*---- !

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean,
Had too much Satyr in his Vein ;
And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
Because no Age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
Must be or *Ridicul’d*, or *Lash’d*.
If you *resent* it, who’s to blame ?
He neither knew *You*, nor your *Name*.
Should Vice expect to ’scape Rebuke,
Because its Owner is a Duke ?
His Friendships, still to few confin’d,
Were always of the midling Kind :
No Fools of Rank, or Mongrel Breed,
Who fain wou’d pass for Lords indeed,
Where Titles give no Right or Power,
And Peerage is a wither’d Flower.
He wou’d have deem’d it a Disgrace,
If such a Wretch had known his Face.
He never thought an Honour done him,
Because a Peer was proud to own him :
Wou’d rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes ;
And scorn the Tools with Stars and Garters,
So often seen *caressing Charters*.

He

He kept with Princes due Decorum ;
 Yet never stood in Awe before 'em.
 He follow'd *David's* Lesson just :
 In Princes never put his Trust :
 And, would you make him truly sower,
 Provoke him with a Slave in Power.

“ Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only Scope
 “ Was to be held a *Misanthrope*.
 “ This into gen’ral *Odium* drew him,
 “ Which if he lik’d, *much Good may do him* !
 “ His Zeal was not to lash our Crimes,
 “ But, *Discontent* against the Times :
 “ For, had we made him *timely* Offers
 “ To raise his *Post*, or fill his *Coffers*,
 “ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 “ Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown* :
 “ For *Party* he would scarce have bled---- ;
 “ I say no more----, because he’s *dead*----.
 “ What *Writings* has he left behind--- ?
 I hear, they’re of a different kind :
 A few, in *Verse* ; but most, in *Prose*——.
 “ Some *high flown Pamphlets*, I suppose---- :
 “ All scribbled in the *worst of Times*,
 “ To palliate his Friend *Oxford's Crimes*,
 “ To praise *Queen Anne*, nay more, defend
 her,
 “ As never fav’ring the *Pretender*—— :
 “ Or *Libels* yet conceal’d from Light,
 “ Against the *Court* to shew his *Spight* ;
 “ Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third*,
 A *Lye*, at ev’ry *second Word* :

“ Offensive

“ Offensive to a *Loyal Ear*—
“ But—not one *Sermon*, you may *swear*---

As for his Works, in Verse or Prose,
I own myself no Judge of those.
Nor can I tell, what Criticks thought 'em ;
But this I know, all People bought 'em,
As with a moral View design'd,
To *please*, and to *reform* Mankind ;
And, if he often miss'd his Aim, }
The *World* must own it, to their *Shame*,
The *Praise* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*.
He gave the little Wealth he had,
To build a House for Fools and Mad ;
To shew, by one Satyric Touch,
No Nation wanted it so much :
And since you dread no farther Lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his Ashes,

Z

The End of the Seventh Volume.

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